

Great Baseball Story--Dan Brouthers

THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD

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RICHARD K. FOX,
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MABEL HITE.

GREAT LITTLE COMEDIENNE PLAYING IN "THE GIRL AND THE BANDIT," UNDER
THE MANAGEMENT OF FRANK L. PERLEY.



RICHARD K. FOX,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

Saturday, September 2, 1905

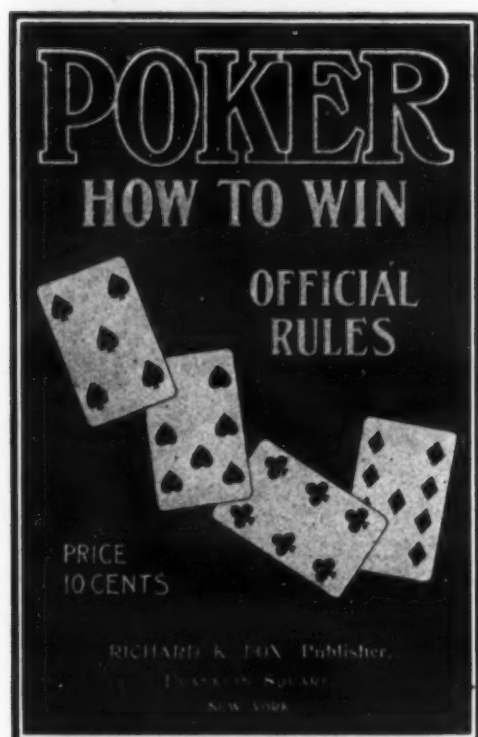
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MISCELLANEOUS SPORTS.

Dan Patch will start at the Minnesota State Fair on Labor Day.

Rubber, a broodmare, famous through the State of Maine, is dead.

Geers put a couple of trotters in the 2:10 list recently, Clarita W and Turley.

Marvin Hart will not get a diamond studded championship medal from his Louisville admirers.

The stopping of pool selling in Ohio may result in the cutting up of the Glenville trotting track into building lots.

The Irish-American A. C. has picked up Willgoose, the Cornell runner, who ran second to Hall, of Yale, in the two-mile intercollegiate championship last May.

E. F. Geers has purchased for one of his patrons the mare Goldust Maid, 2:12 3/4, by Silverthorne. Geers thinks that this mare is one of the coming sensational performers of the turf.

The Southern Committee, of the British Amateur Athletic Association, has refused permission to Alfred Shrubbs, the British champion runner, to go to America to compete in the championships at New York and Montreal.

Alfred Shrubbs, the great English distance runner, was defeated by J. McGough, the Scottish distance champion, at the games of the West of Scotland Harriers recently. The race was a mile and a half invitation and McGough won in 6 minutes, 52 3/5 seconds, only five seconds slower than the British record, held by Shrubbs.

THEATRICAL FACTS---

WITH A FEW CALCIUM FLASHES IN BETWEEN

---FOOTLIGHT FANCIES

Items of Interest About the Clever Entertainers Who
Play in Halls and Continuous Houses.

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All Professionals Are Invited to Send in Brief Paragraphs About Themselves
and Photographs in Character.

Ed C. Hays is playing the **Harry Hawn** circuit of parks.

Sadie Gill, characters, has signed with **T. W. Dinkins' Innocent Maids Company**.

Fields and Hanson report great success playing Western dates, and are booked up to 1906.

Leona Thurber returned from Europe recently, after filling successful engagements in England.

The Keatons (Joe, Myra, Buster and Little Jingles) have opened their season with a solid year's bookings.

Pearl Irving selects the songs and directs the dancing of the **Minstrel Maids** at Austin & Stone's Museum, Boston.

Rose Lee and May Wagner who are presenting their singing and acrobatic dancing act at the Summer parks, report success.

Ida Williams, of Frank and Ida Williams, is at her home in Kentucky, and will be seen the coming season in an entirely new act.

Edward De Groot is now appearing in a musical monologue, and reports meeting with great success over the Southern circuit of parks.

The Wood Brothers are playing parks in Connecticut, and report big success. The company is known as the **Wood Brothers Vaudeville Company**.

Katie Barry, who is now at **Proctor's**, New York City, is a big success, and it is more than likely she will be engaged to go the route of the Proctor circuit.

Miss Fayette, who is playing in stock burlesque at **Sylvan Beach**, N. Y., has signed for the coming season with **T. W. Dinkins' Yankee Doodle Girls**.

Jim Dalton, the Wisconsin Farmer, and **Pete Connelly**, the Minstrel Boy, have just finished a very successful engagement over the Jackson circuit of parks.

James A. Shadrick, formerly of **Shadrick and Betta La Rue**, is now of the team of **Shadrick and Baxter**. They have been playing the Goldsmith circuit.

Ryan, Lester and Ryan closed their vaudeville dates at **Luna Park**, Coney Island, N. Y., and have joined **Al G. Field's Minstrels** for the coming season.

The Willards are playing street fairs and meeting with the best of success. Their trick bicycle and unicycle slack wire act is making a hit wherever it is put on.

Billy Saxton and Marsella Milton, after a successful tour of twenty-two weeks on the Coast, are resting at the home of Miss Milton's folks in **Rock Springs, Wyo.**

Frank and Ethel Burke, who for the last five years have starred in the **Burke Comedy Company**, will return to vaudeville this season. Their time is fast filling.

Arthur Yule is meeting with immense success in his specialty of tenor solos and musical instrument imitations, on the **Walter Plummer** circuit of parks, in Connecticut.

Mindell Kingston, of World and Kingston, who was to play the title role in **Melville B. Raymond's "Seminary Girl,"** will not go with the company, but will remain in vaudeville.

Lloyd Brown, manager of **Yale's Theatre**, Kansas City, Mo., is now the exclusive booking agent for the new **Novelty Theatre**, at **Topeka, Kan.**, and the **People's Theatre**, **Leavenworth, Kan.**

Boom's Idea Vaudeville Company is doing the banner business at every park in the East. The company consists of **Maxsmith Duo**, **Williams and Melburn**, **Crouch and Richards**, **Marion Blake**, **Gilson and Countis**, **The Taft Sisters**, and **Griff Williams**, manager. The show is a good one.

M'GRAW'S BASEBALL GUIDE is a nine-day wonder. It is bigger and better than ever, and has a chapter on **Happy Jack Chesbro's spit ball**. Price 10 cents; postage 4 cents extra.

Viola Brothers have signed for twelve weeks with **Hunt's Great Show**.

Bailey and Madison, the favorite eccentric comedians, have returned from Europe.

John M. Irwin, who closed with **Barnum & Bailey's** in June, is now playing parks in Pennsylvania.

Blumer, Macke and the Hartzells, comedy sketch, who are playing park dates, have some good booking ahead.

The Oaks, a new and beautiful resort in **Portland, Ore.**, which opened May 30, has been a tremendous success.

Barnes and Edwins have met with success in their new act, **"The New Tenant,"** on the circuits and parks.

Pero and Wilson, who are playing parks on the **Flynn and Gorman** circuits, are booked up to December on the **Keith** circuit.

Castle and Collins are together again, after a three months' separation. They are working the parks through **New England**.

Frank Lewis, novelty slack wire performer, closed a successful four months' engagement with the **Lowery Brothers' R. R. Shows** through the East, and

port success playing around **Buffalo and Canada** for the last three months. They are well booked for next season.

Grace Kimball will play **"Alice Travers,"** in the original play **"The Prince Chap,"** this season.

Joseph C. Hughes, of Golden and Hughes, while recently playing at **Nipmuc Lake, Milford, Mass.**, was presented with a solid gold **Elk charm** by the **Milford Lodge of Elks**, which attended in a body two hundred strong.

Howard and Cameron closed a successful tour of eighteen weeks on the Southern circuit and are now at **Homburg's Park Theatre, Baltimore, Md.**, where Mr. Howard is producing burlesque for the season with great success.

The Original American Newsboys Quartette have taken **J. P. Tedrowe**, of the **Bonaire Comedy Four**, and **F. E. Dunlap**, of the **Hoosier City Quartette**, instead of **C. P. Gehringer**, former baritone, and **H. K. Wenrich**, second tenor.

The Two Francescos have been meeting with big success and have all new and enlarged tricks. They have about thirty-five more weeks in the West, and then come East. They are introducing up-to-date burlesque magic, and the act is a laugh all through.

Murphy and Andrews, after closing a successful season of forty-two consecutive weeks on the **Considine and Sullivan Western** circuit, opened their park season at the **Pier, Old Orchard, Me.**, on the **W. J. Tucker** circuit, and met with their usual success.

The Garrity Sisters have returned to **New York** after fourteen successful months through the West. They have just finished the **Hopkins** circuit of parks and have signed with **Harry Williams' Imperial Burlesquers** for the coming season, playing the **Empire** circuit.

Sam Williams, of Williams and Moore, has joined hands with **Miss Lydia Allen**, the team now being known as **Williams and Allen**. They are now rehearsing their new singing, talking and dancing act, which will be full of original ideas, good songs, clever dancing and brand new costumes. They are booked well ahead for the coming season.

Scanlan Brothers report good business in the Northwest with their vaudeville and dog show. The roster: **P. J. Scanlan**, business manager; **P. H. Scanlan**, stage manager; **F. S. Berger**, comedian; **Claude Rickert**, clown; **Mrs. P. J. Scanlan**, musical director; **Helen Scanlan**, child contortionist; **Ruth Scanlan**, sou-brette, and **George Rickert**, advance representative; also the troupe of educated dogs, **Jack, Nig, Jeff, Tiny, Spike, Sharkey** and **Bob**.

Alf Wood (the original **Wood of Reilly & Wood's Big Show**), after an absence of some twelve



VIOLETTE PEARL.

Clever Little Dancer who Made a Big Hit with the **"Rollicking Girl"** Company.
She is Doing Well This Season with the **"Little Johnny Jones"** Show.

is now turning West, for nine weeks, in the Summer parks, opening at **River View Park, Allegheny, Pa.**

Reno and Murray, who presented **Will H. Reno's** comedy playlet, **"The Rube and the Show Girl,"** at the **Olympic Theatre, Chicago, Ill.**, recently, with much success, will start for the **Pacific Coast** shortly.

De Smythe and Abaceo, acrobats and barrel jumpers, and **Lee and Wagner**, refined sister act, re-

years, arrived in **New York** recently. He is engaged by **Pat Reilly** to produce his musical farce, **"The Organ Crank,"** which scored such a success in this country some time ago, when **Wood** had the co-operation of his sisters, then well known as the **Wood Family**. He brings with him two gifted vocalists, **Georgina Clarke**, principal soprano, late of the **Savoy Theatre, London**, and **Wilson Barrett's Company**, and **Annie Courtney**, mezzo-soprano, of the **Prince of Wales Theatre, London**, **"La Poupée"** and other companies.

Belle Gordon's Physical Culture Book IS THE BEST FOR LADIES---Mailed for Seven 2-cent Stamps

HOW THE STAR BOXERS

USE THEIR UTMOST ENDEAVORS TO

RETAIN POPULARITY

The Majority of Them Manage to Keep Well in the Good Graces of the Public.

WHY JOHN L. SULLIVAN IS STILL A FAVORITE

Jeffries Doesn't Bother Much About the Public, and Manages to Keep Pretty Much to Himself on All Occasions.

In order to be well liked and retain his popularity a champion pugilist is compelled to do a lot of things that are distasteful to him. He has to meet all of his admirers personally, grasp their hands, help them financially and otherwise when they need or think they need it, talk on subjects concerning his profession, and otherwise make himself agreeable. And considering the fact that champion fighters do a lot of traveling all over the country and meet all sorts and conditions of folks, the task is far from being an easy one.

Many persons wonder why John L. Sullivan is just as popular to-day as he was when in his prime. The secret of this may be summed up in very few words—John L. was accessible at all times and made it his business to mingle with the masses instead of the classes. Sullivan spent a lot of money with a free but improvident hand. All of his exploits in and out of the roped arena got into the newspapers, and to those who expect a fighter to be liberal he was at once established as a hero.

Jim Jeffries has his own ideas of taking the general public into his confidence. It is not a difficult task to meet the champion. In fact, he is always at home to everybody. But it is in the manner of greeting his admirers that he differs from Sullivan. Jeffries as a rule never frequents barrooms if he can help it. When in town he usually selects one night during the week to pay a visit to some of his friends who own saloons. He visits each in turn and remains about an hour at each place, spending money freely. On the other nights he calls upon friends at their homes, or else remains at his hotel and enjoys a quiet game of cards.

When Jeffries was in New York the last time, the president of a well-known bank in this city wished an introduction to the champion. He had his little son with him and went to a hotel in Harlem where Jeffries registered. When the bank president was ushered into the boiler-maker's presence the fighter was engaged in earnest conversation with his manager, Billy Delaney, and a few friends.

"I am — of the — bank," said the man kindly, "and I would like to shake your hand, Mr. Jeffries. My little boy has read a great deal about you and is anxious to meet you." Jeffries turned around, took the man's extended hand, smiled at the boy, and without any further ceremony continued the conversation. The bank president, rather humiliated, left the hotel with his son with a rather poor opinion of fighters in general.

Jim Corbett is just the opposite to Jeffries in this respect. Corbett is an excellent talker, and is well liked by the intelligent class of ring patrons. Although the ex-champion has had his day he has no trouble in

persons of noble birth. They took to him and made much of him.

George Dixon, when he was champion, was rather reserved toward strangers. He permitted his manager to do all the talking and never spoke unless he was first addressed. Dixon was well liked because of this natural reserve. He realized that he was a negro and that there existed a prejudice because of his color. When among friends Dixon was open hearted and talked freely. But he always refrained from discussing anything appertaining to his business.

Young Corbett made it a rule when he was champion to mingle with a certain class of persons mostly actors and bookmakers. He neglected the men in his own profession. Corbett when in New York seldom ventured further than a certain hotel on Broadway, except when he visited the race tracks. He never honored the Bowery with his presence unless he had to appear at one of the theatres there.

Terry McGovern owes his popularity to-day to the fact that he was just the reverse of the Denver man in his actions toward his admirers. Though Terry has met several reverses in the ring of late, he can attract a paying house any time he appears on the stage. McGovern likes to mingle with those younger than himself, especially newboys; and in Brooklyn, where he was born, it is no unusual sight to see McGovern playing tag, prisoner's base or marbles. Terry is always natural, in or out of the ring.

Bob Fitzsimmons is backward in making friends. He owes his popularity mostly to the fact that he is a great fighter. Fitz's greatest hobby is to mingle with mechanics or laboring men. The Cornishman is a blacksmith by trade, and during his leisure hours he visits some of the shops and turns out a couple of pair of horseshoes as a sort of diversion.

Jack O'Brien keeps his popularity hot by fighting often and mingling with persons in professions quite apart from his own. O'Brien is studying to become a lawyer, and whenever he comes to New York or visits any other city he invariably calls at the office of some prominent law firm and discusses legal matters. O'Brien is a business man to the core, and it does not take him long to make an impression.

Tom Sharkey has his own ideas of how to remain popular, and thus far his methods have been successful. Sharkey is liberal when it comes to offering his services for charity or otherwise. He receives many invitations to balls, stag parties and social affairs, and if he can spare the time takes them all in. In this way he succeeds in keeping his name before the public and makes new and influential friends. Sharkey is an interesting talker in his own way. He used to be a

main intact as long as he lives. Choynski is a member of several lodges, is a thorough family man, and admits that he is a fighter simply for the money there is in it. Choynski is one of the few pugilists who can command ready cash at any time. He is the first one to give his opponent all the credit after a defeat and is just as accessible to strangers as to friends.

Tommy Ryan hardly hobnob with anyone unless he has known him for a long period. As he does not visit barrooms, his friends are those who have had a formal introduction and those whom he knows something about. Ryan is taciturn at times, but becomes talkative when his own ability is questioned. Frank Erne is as popular to-day as when he was the light-weight champion of the world. Erne is of the Jim Corbett stamp in point of intelligence, but apparently more sincere. He dresses well, is a good talker, and prides himself on the fact that his first duty is to his home. Erne since he left the ring has engaged in various business enterprises. He has personal magnetism, and once he makes friends he keeps them.

Jimmy Britt in methods, deportment and conversation reminds one of Jim Corbett at first meeting. He is polished and refined in his manner and is one of the few pugilists who will make it his business to form the acquaintance of the one whom he thinks will do him the most good.

Joe Gans is like George Dixon—reserved and cautious in forming new friends. Gans thinks that it is a fighter's policy to remain in the background at all times, save in the ring. Most of Gans' friends are white men. His sole companion is his manager, Al Herford. The pair are together most of the time.

A LIFE SAVER.

Mike, the English brindle bull (portrait on Page 12) who saved the life of Ernest Haltgren by pulling him out of the Harlem River, is owned by John H. Becker, owner of the Mount Morris Hotel, Third avenue and 130th street, New York City. He would not sell him for any price.

UNK RUSSELL'S GOOD FIGHT.

In a six-round bout before the National A. C., at Philadelphia, on Aug. 14, Jimmy Briggs, of Boston, had the best of Unk Russell, of Philadelphia.

Russell turned his ankle badly in the second round and but for that might have won.

In the third round both men were floored by swings to the jaw, but neither was damaged. It was a red-hot scrap of the give-and-take variety, and the crowd got its money's worth.

The men were supposed to fight at 120 pounds, but Russell had ten pounds the best of it, and had a big advantage in height and reach.

A big crowd was on hand and saw a slashing good fight in the first preliminary, when Johnny Burns had a shade the best of Willie Diddles, of New York. Neff Campbell put it all over Willie Lucas in the second bout. In the third Young Kane, of Brooklyn, and Young Brosta, of Philadelphia, fought a good draw. Frank Carney, of Chicago, easily had the best of Kid Beebe in the semi-windup.

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An Authority on all Card Games, if so send 15 two-cent stamps to this office for a copy of Hoyle's Games, revised.

WHISTLER AND SCROGGS DRAW.

The veteran boxer, Billy Whistler, after a long absence from the ring met Harry Scroggs at the Hudson A. C., Baltimore, Md., recently, and after ten rounds of fast milling succeeded in getting a draw with his much younger opponent. The veteran was so clever that he made Scroggs look like a dub. He failed to land a single blow on Whistler that did any damage; the veteran was too clever. Scroggs would crouch and prepare to land a stiff left jab, to be followed by a right swing; Whistler would block the jab, duck the swing and Scroggs would have hard work to keep his feet.

Several times Whistler whipped punches into Scroggs' body and head that looked to be fearful wallops from the spectators standpoint; but they did absolutely no damage.

Taking all things into consideration, Referee Barrett's decision was a just one.

PUNCHED THE REFEREE.

The best boxing exhibition ever given by the Gloucester (Mass.) A. C. took place on Aug. 15. It was marred, however, by the decision of Referee Dick Fleming, of Marblehead, when he awarded the decision to Young Kenney, of Lawrence, over Willie Cornell in a bout of twelve rounds.

For the first three rounds it was about an even thing, with Cornell doing all the leading, which he continued to do during the entire contest, his left hand leads sending Kenney's head back repeatedly, and in the last round Kenney was almost gone. Kenney's judgment of distance was way off, his leads going to waste time after time.

The decision of Referee Fleming was loudly hissed by the members. Cornell was so incensed by it that he went after the referee and punched him repeatedly. It looked as though it were going to be a rough house for a while, but quiet was finally restored.

BOXING IN KANSAS.

About 200 spectators witnessed a battle at Purcell, Kan., recently, between Ben Doerk, of Chicago, and Jimmy Green, of Lawrence, Kan. The boys were scheduled to go fifteen rounds, at 128 pounds ring-side.

As soon as the bell rang for the first round Green started rushing like a mad bull, bent upon ending the fight in a hurry, but was soon forced to break ground by Doerk's well aimed left hand connecting with Green's eyes and nose. At the close of the round Green's right eye was completely closed, and the blood was flowing from a deep gash in the side of his head.

Green came up apparently weak for the second round but surprised the crowd by his willingness to mix; but in this he met his undoing, as Doerk put him down five times during the round by well directed right and lefts to the head and jaw, which seemed to take about all the fight out of him, as he was unwilling to come up for the third round, but after some persuasion by his seconds, rushed to the centre of the ring, only to be met by a terrific right hand punch on the jaw, which put him down and out.

AROUND THE DIAMOND

The St. Louis pitcher, Thielman, has turned out to be the find of the season.

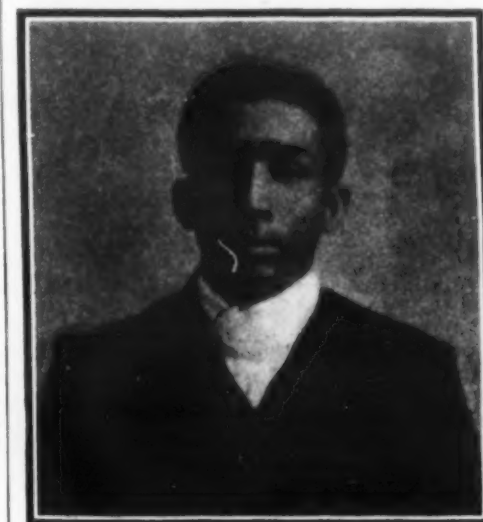
Dougherty, unlike Elberfeld, cannot discount his fielding errors with the lat.

The Washington Club has sold Second Baseman Mullin to the Baltimore Club.

Pitcher Dlesh, of Marshalltown, Ia., joined the Detroit recently. He is a right-hander.

President Herrman says that he will make no change in the Reds' manager for next season.

Charles Nichols and Jimmy Manning, both ex-managers of the Kansas City Blues, are after the



CLAUDE V. HOLDER.

He is the Agent in British Guiana for the Police Gazette and Fox's Athletic Library, and He Reports Success and a Big Sale.

franchise of that city in the American Association. Arthur Irwin has not been successful with the team.

Dave Fultz makes as many sensational plays as any outfielder and more than most of them.

Kittredge has the distinction of carrying the target among the batsmen of the American league.

President P. T. Powers has appointed John Elliott, of Youngstown, O., an Eastern League umpire.

The Toronto Club has secured Infielder Poland and Outfielder Dillard from the Providence Club.

The Chicago National League Club has purchased the release of Pitcher Jack Pfeister from Omaha.

The unexpected happened all right when Detroit split even with the Highlanders on their last trip.

Dave Brain continues to play a star game at third for Pittsburgh, and also is clouting the ball savagely.

Clarke Griffith is so well pleased with Dr. Powers' work that he will endeavor to obtain the backstop permanently.

With Tim Hurst and Silk O'Loughlin working the double-umpire system, what chance has the poor player got?

Johnny Evers' thumb is still in bad condition and the elongated Hoffman continues at second base for the Chicago Cubs.

Detroit papers say that both Pitcher Hughes and Catcher Kittredge are anxious to leave Washington and join Detroit.

Noodles Hahn may retire from baseball after his ten days expire with the Cincinnati Club and practice as a veterinary surgeon.

Barney Dreyfuss says there is no friction between him and Fred Clarke and denies emphatically that they will separate at the end of the season.

Cincinnati has secured Third Baseman Mourey of the Savannah Club. He looked like a good one this Spring when Boston played in Savannah.

Barney Dreyfuss of the Pittsburgh Club claims to have several star minor leaguers under cover. He does not care to announce them as yet.

Larry Lajole is not enamored with his managerial job and he has announced in unmistakable terms that he wanted no more after this year.

Dolan, the former Manhattan college pitcher, who was heralded as a wonder early in the Spring, has been released by the Rutland Northern League team.

George Smith, once a second baseman of the Giants, may re-enter fast company next year by way of the Pittsburgh Club. He is now captain of the Rochester team.

Conroy, Dougherty and Elberfeld form a hard-hitting trio for the New York Americans just now. The last two have been slow this year getting their normal stride.

Harry Steinfeldt, of Cincinnati, is showing his 1903 form, when there was no better third-sacker in the country. The Reds have dropped all notion of disposing of the Texan.

Jones, of Chicago, Vinson, of Cleveland, Nill, of Washington, Tannehill, of Chicago, and Al Orth, of New York, all of the American league and up to this season leading batsmen, are now struggling to get into the .300 class.

LEARN THE CURVED BALL.

From McGraw's book on how to play baseball, the best published. It is profusely illustrated. Price 10 cents; postage 4 cents extra.



O. HEDSTROM.

The Famous Motor Cyclist who Has Done Some Great Work on His Powerful Machine at the Different Cycle Racing Tracks Throughout the Country.

securing engagements at theatres giving monologues at a salary larger than some well-known stars secure. Corbett is one of the few fighters who have tact and diplomacy. He invariably caters to persons of wealth and refinement, and it is an established fact that he has entree to many homes where other pugilists could not even break in with a jimmy. Corbett numbers among his friends millionaires and folks of influence and position. When he went to England, after he defeated Charley Mitchell at Jacksonville, Corbett became popular with Dukes and Lords and

sailor and has seen the world. He accordingly knows how to adapt himself to conditions which other pugilists cannot meet. He is a business man and realizes that he must keep in the limelight.

In all probability Joe Choynski's popularity will re-

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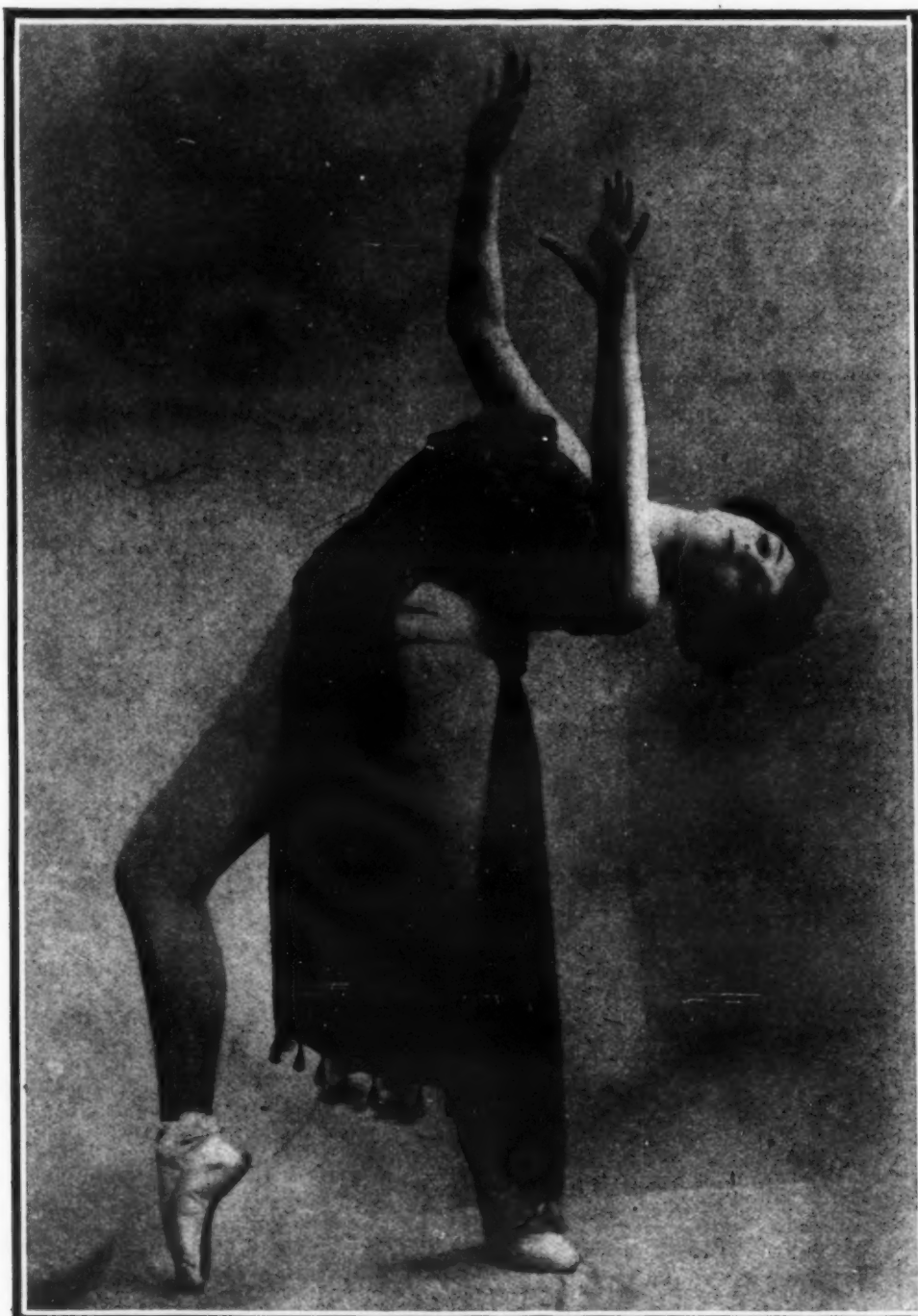
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LEONIE SIEBEL, WHOSE SWEET VOICE CHARMS PARISIANS.



SINUOUS VALERY OF THE OLYMPIC.



SHAPELY MLE. DUPRE OF THE VARIETIES.

PARISIAN STAGE BEAUTIES.

THEY ARE ALL FAVORITES AND COMMAND APPLAUSE WHEREVER THEY APPEAR.



KELTS AND SKILLINGS.

THE OWNERS OF JIM, CHAMPION OF 15th U. S. INFANTRY, AT MONTEREY, CAL.



J. SULLIVAN.

RUNNER OF BAYONNE, N. J., WHO WANTS A MATCH.



M'WITTE BROTHERS.

THEIR HEIGHT IS OVER 7 FEET EACH AND THEY ARE A FEATURE AT LUNA PARK.



IDLEBROOK TOOTSY.

F. A. VINK'S FOX TERRIER, ST. CHARLES, MO.



JACK SPRATT.

W. P. ROWLEY'S TOY POODLE, GREENVILLE, S. C.



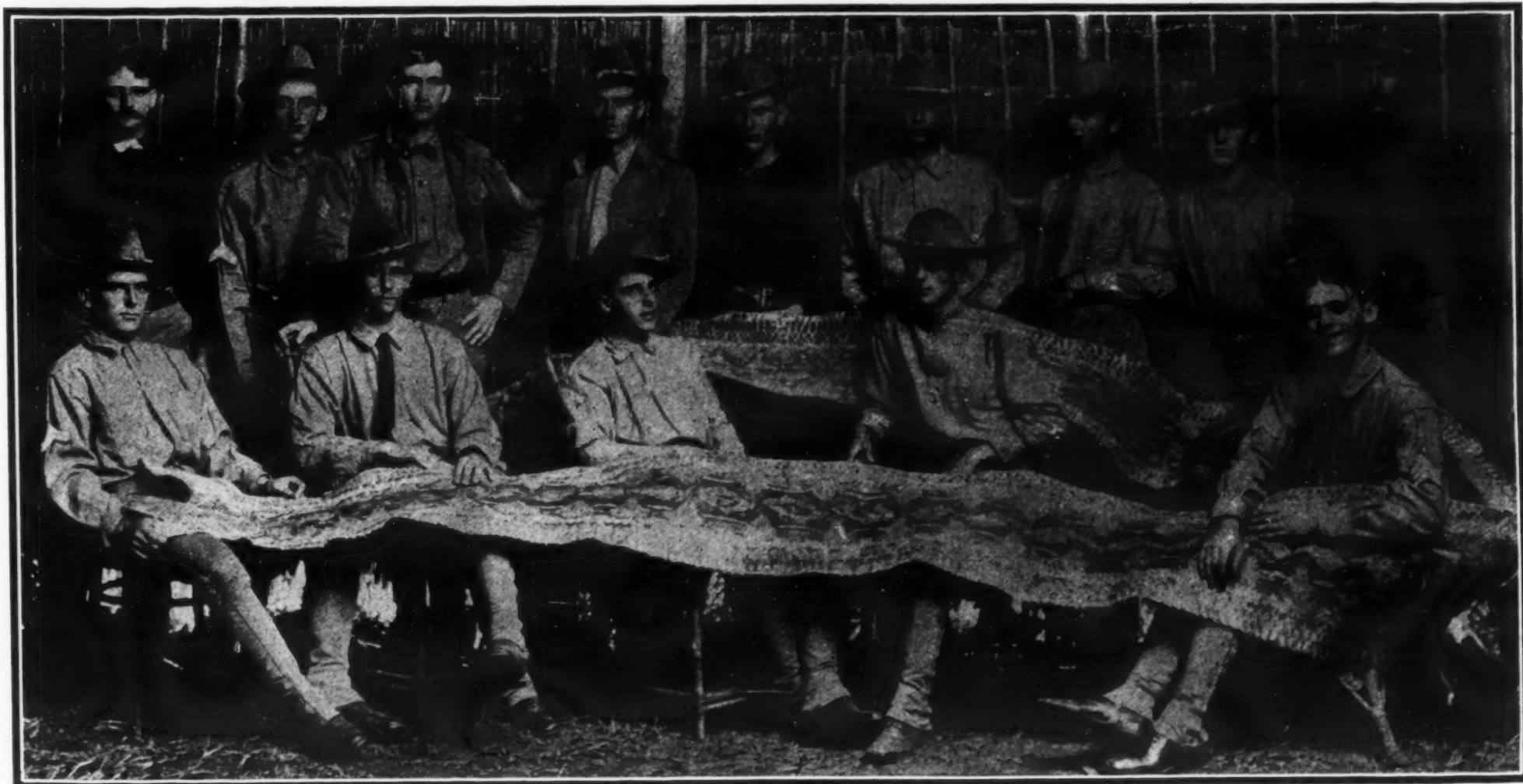
HOPKINSON WARHORSE.

F. L. BABCOCK'S BROOD COCK, HARTFORD, WIS.



JESSIE.

TERRIER OWNED BY L. JOHNSONBECK, SENATE HOTEL, SYRACUSE, N. Y.



A PHILIPPINE SNAKE SKIN.

SOME OF THE BOYS OF COMPANY L, SEVENTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY, AND THE TROPHY THEY SECURED ON A RECENT HUNTING EXPEDITION WHEN THEY SAW SNAKES.

GREAT NERVE REQUIRED

IN MANY CASES

BY WINNING JOCKEYS

When a Boy Becomes Possessed of Common Sense
He Ceases to be a Star Rider.

EFFECTS OF ACCIDENTS ON THEIR CAREERS.

There Are Many Reasons Why a Jockey Suddenly Becomes a Careful Rider, and
Some of Them Are Explained and Illustrated Here.

In no other calling in the world, perhaps, is a preponderance of recklessness so necessary or valuable as in the race rider's. One is not to infer from this, however, that recklessness alone is a synonym for greatness or that that attribute alone will bring a jockey high up in the percentage column at the end of the year; but it is a notorious fact that the greatest pigskin artists have not been lacking in it or the disposition to use it at the proper time, and that with its departure has departed to a great extent the fame that came with it.

Absence of recklessness does not necessarily mean absence of nerve. Men may have plenty of nerve and yet be without a particle of recklessness, although in racing parlance the two things mean about the same. Once a boy refuses to "take a chance" and squeeze into a hole near the rail thereby losing what might prove of inestimable advantage, straightway the impression goes abroad that he has "lost his nerve," when he has merely exercised what would be considered pretty good common sense on the part of a man claiming to be possessed of that commodity. And hence it seems to be pretty generally understood among horsemen that when a boy "gets old enough to have sense" he is too old to be a star rider.

There are only three ways in which sense ever gets to be part of the equipment of a jockey. One is to be born with it, and in the opinion of some horsemen no boy with sense ever gets to be a great rider. As they put it, "he becomes a great rider and then he gets old enough to have sense, and then he is no good." That's the second way.

The third way, and some say the surest, is for a boy to get a bad fall in the progress of a race. If he gets it as the result of "taking a long chance," it is supposed to increase the efficacy. For instance, a boy is astride one of the leaders in a heart-breaking five furlong sprint. He is about third perhaps, and as the two in front of him tear madly along until they come to the turn into the stretch he begins to figure on how far out they will swing, and instinctively he takes up his mount a little preparatory to skinning the rail and having the inside path on the run down to the wire. Perhaps he takes up his horse a trifle too much and loses a little ground; perhaps he miscalculates the speed of the leaders; perhaps—well, a dozen things might happen to upset his plans. At all events, as he urges his horse close to the fence one of the wide swinging

other horse ranges alongside and bumps him slightly, his horse crosses his forefeet and down he goes.

When that boy gets out of the hospital, if he ever does get out, and sits on a bench in the sunshine for the first time, he begins a system of figuring. Sometimes he cannot make out just exactly how it happened. But, suffice it happened, whether he gets it straight or not, and to the last race he ever rides in, if it presents any such problem as was presented before, which led to such disaster, he remembers just what happened, that and the memory of it has its proportionate weight in his calculation of possibilities. More often than not it comes to him that he doesn't need the rail half so bad as the other boy, and he lets him have it.

A few years ago, at Gravesend, a horse ridden by Shaw, then in the height of his career as a rider, was in the centre of a bunch of horses right in the middle of the track. There did not seem to be any crowding particularly, although it was a big field. Suddenly Shaw's mount went down and it looked as if half a dozen horses went over him. A group of trainers heaved sighs of relief as Shaw got up and walked to the outer rail, little the worse for wear.

"He's all right," said one trainer.

"Yes," said another, "but I'll bet ten dollars you won't catch him in a field like that for a couple of weeks."

This remark led to some discussion, and the terms of the bet, as finally arranged, were that Shaw would not take a mount in a race for a week in which more than seven horses were engaged. The proposer of the bet cashed it.

On another occasion at Gravesend one of J. G. Follansbee's horses, a mare named Golden Grain, won a race by as daring a piece of horsemanship as has been seen on a race track in some time. Beauchamp was riding her and had landed her in third position as the turn into the stretch was reached. As commonly happens, the horses in front of him swung wide, and he urged his mare a trifle to get ready to take the rail. At this instant a horse ridden by Winnie O'Connor ranged alongside of him, but on the outside, and the horses in the lead commenced to swing in toward the rail. They were not far from it at the time Beauchamp made his move. As every one knows, Winnie O'Connor never was accused of bashfulness or overcaution on an occasion of the kind presented to Beauchamp; but it seems, from his statements in the paddock after the

"That's where I'm going," he says, and in he goes and cops the race. Not for mine."

It is not of record that Beauchamp has ever had any serious accidents as yet, and it is of course to be hoped that he will not, but if he ever does have a bad fall it will probably have the effect of checking his impetuosity for some time to come, if not permanently.

In 1896 or 1897 Marty Bergen was riding on the California tracks and was the proud possessor of a beast named Pecksniff. Pecksniff never amounted to anything even with Marty riding, and he was far from a bad rider then, although of later years his star has become somewhat dimmed. One day a friend of Bergen's jocularly remarked that he thought Pecksniff might win a race if Martin would give the mount to somebody "who could ride," as he expressed it. Bergen took the chaffing in good part, and the matter dropped for at least half an hour. Suddenly he reverted to the subject again in the following language:

"There was a time," said he, "when a space between the rail and the horse in front of me looked as big as the side of a house, no matter if it was only two feet. Nowadays it looks like two feet to me if it's as big as the side of a house, and there you are."

And that is perhaps as good an explanation as could be given of why some boys lose their form and drop from the star class down into the ranks of the mediocres. In Bergen's case it was simply that he had grown older and that with years had come a disinclination to take his life in his hands. There was a time when he would have done it, but that was when he was coming, not going. Success sometimes brings reflection on the methods of its achievement, even on the part of others; years bring wisdom, and many things beget indifference; all of which conduce to the start for the "has been" class; but if there is anything which will make a surer and more artistic job of it than a fall which keeps a boy out of the saddle for a couple of weeks, it remains, in the opinion of vast numbers of people who ought to know, yet to be discovered.

FOX'S BOOKS IN ENGLAND.

THE LINES, LEYTONSTONE, ESSEX, Aug. 5, '05.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: I have obtained your publication on Jiu-jitsu, by K. Saito, from Messrs. A. Heywood Sons. This book is exactly the kind I required, and I consider it well worth the money. In England, it is difficult to find a book on Jiu-jitsu under five shillings, but you come to the rescue with a book of the same value at one-fifth of the price. While thanking you for past favors, there is one more I should like to ask. Can you give me the name of a reliable firm in England who sell Kimonos and other wrestling outfits? I remain,

Yours faithfully,

M. ASCHER.

NEW JUMPING RECORDS.

As the result of a professional jumping match at Salford, England, early in August, two new world's records were established. The contestants were Charles Matthews, of Pendleton and James Wynford, of Manchester, and there were three styles of jumping—standing, hop and jump with weights; standing, two hops and jump with weights, and three standing jumps, without weights.

Matthews won the standing two hops and jump, clearing 36 feet 10 inches, beating the former world's record of 36 feet 7 inches, made by Joe Darby at Stockport, England, on March 14, 1891. Matthews also won the standing hop and jump, covering 24 feet 7 inches, beating the former record of 24 feet 6 3/4 inches, made by Tom Colquitt, of St. Helens, at Oldham, on Dec. 28, 1900.

IRISHMAN WINS IN TENTH.

Charles St. Clair, a boxer, claiming Brooklyn, N. Y., as his home, met Jim Roche, a sturdy son of the Emerald Isle, at the spacious Earlsfort Terrace Rink, Dublin, Ireland, on Aug. 7, before one of the largest gatherings of spectators seen at a ringside in Ireland for some time; there was a fair sprinkling of Americans present. Previous to the men entering the ring Young John L. Sullivan, of America, stepped into the ring and issued a challenge to the winner.

In the battle for the championship, which only lasted ten rounds, St. Clair had the advantage in reach and was also in slightly better condition than Roche. Cautious sparring occupied most of the first round, few blows being exchanged and matters ended even.

In the second St. Clair landed heavily on Roche's left eye, which had effect; the latter replied with a swinging blow on St. Clair's mouth.

In the sixth and seventh Roche forced matters early, some lively exchanges ensuing, both men falling clinched from the ring through the ropes to the ground.

The tenth round ended the contest. When Roche landed some hard blows the men again clinched and St. Clair claimed a foul, which the referee disallowed. St. Clair being badly punished, refused to continue the fight, and Roche was declared the winner amidst wild enthusiasm. They were scheduled to go twenty rounds.

CHALLENGES

[The challenge editor will be pleased to publish all legitimate challenges in all sports, such as boxing, wrestling, skating, bowling, swimming, bicycling, walking, running, jumping, etc., etc.]

Matty Fitzpatrick, of Pittsburg, will match Paddy Nee against any 125-pound boy in the country.

Rube Ferns, the ex-welterweight champion, who is working in a coal mine at Scammon, Kan., still believes there is a good fight left in him, and



FOR THE WORLD'S CHAMPION.

One of the Handsomest Saddles Ever Made, put up as a Prize by the Union Pacific Railroad Company, to be Competed for by the Western Bronco Busters at the Frontier Day's Carnival, Cheyenne, Wyoming, Sept. 2-5, in which only the Best Riders Have a Chance.

he is out with a challenge to meet anyone of his weight in the world.

Tip Taylor, a Louisville, Ky., boxer, would like to meet any 110-pounder. He can be found at 335 Gray street.

Joe Brown, a Newark, N. J., wrestler, in the lightweight class, wants to meet any of the New York mat artists.

Kid Curley, the New York bantam, would like to meet Tommy Feltz for any number of rounds and at any old place.

Bob Wright, of Newark, N. J., who is at home in the water, and the winner of several swimming contests, is anxious to compete in a five-mile race for fun or a trophy.

Young Muldoon, the crack New York wrestler, who recently lost to Bob Summerville on a foul, in a fast bout, wants another crack at the Scotchman at catch-as-catch-can style.

Jack Colman, of Orange, N. J., who can make 138 pounds, which is about as near 133 as Joe Gans can go and be good, challenges the holder of the lightweight title, or Sam Langford.

Young Hurley a good 100-pound boxer, is looking for trouble, and is ready to mix it with any at the above weight and can be addressed in care of Ralph Brown, 90 Varick street, New York.

Jack Blackburn, the Philadelphia boxer, who recently defeated Jack Williams, is now willing to meet Jack O'Brien, in the Quaker City. O'Brien is fully twenty pounds heavier than the colored man.

Tommy Lowe, of Washington, D. C., would like to meet Unk Russell, Young Erne, Harry Lewis or Jack O'Neill. Can make 128 pounds ringside, but will give or take five pounds with any of the above.

Jack Cardiff, the Reading, Pa., boxer, is out with a challenge to meet Eddie Lenny, Tim Callahan or Young Erne, and can be addressed in care of his manager, Herbert Duffin, 238 1/2 Reed St., Reading, Pa.

Billy Reynolds, manager of Dave Holly, says Jack Blackburn need not go out of his class to look for a battle. He can have a match with Holly at 135 pounds, weigh in at 6 P. M., for any number of rounds.

I see where Harry Scroggs of Baltimore, Md., is after Tipman at 130 pounds and claims he can do 124. Now, I will meet Scroggs at 124 pounds, ring side, and will bet him any part of \$250 that I win.—Kid Henning.

Jack Lowery, the New York featherweight, is looking for trouble, and is anxious to battle with anyone from 126 to 130 pounds. Lowery has a long list of victories, and can make it interesting for anyone at the weight.

M'GRAW'S BASEBALL BOOK

Is the only one worth while. It has the League records of 1904, all the rules, and is handsomely illustrated. Price 10 cents; postage 4 cents extra.



THE VIOLA BROTHERS.

The Acrobat and the Clown who have earned a well-deserved Success in Vaudeville with their Barrel Jumping and other Very Clever Acrobatic Tricks.

leaders commences to bear in. His jockey's idea is to get that coveted rail himself. At this instant there is some quick thinking necessary on the part of both boys. Shall they both persist or shall one give way? One must give way eventually, for no two horses ever held a rail at the same time in the same spot. Prudence would compel the boy on the inside to pull up, the reckless spirit pulls the other way and he tries to get his horse through a hole that a grown up man would swear a cat couldn't turn around in. His horse is traveling at the rate of about fifty-four feet a second, the

race, that even he would have refused the chance had he been in Beauchamp's place.

"I saw what he was about," said O'Connor, "and I said to him: 'You ain't going in there, are you?'"

HOW TO PLAY BASEBALL,

By John McGraw, Captain of the New York Nationals. Official rules, averages and percentages: fully illustrated. Price 10 cents; postage 4 cents extra.

Thirteen Cents in Stamps Gets the Best of all Boxing Books---It is by JAMES J. CORBETT---This Office

DAN BROUTHERS AT THE BAT

The Famous Old-timer is on First Base For the Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Team.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS ON THE DIAMOND

He is Still a Good Man With the Willow, Which He Will Wield as Long as He Lives—His Great Record.

No. 6.

If you know anything about baseball you know Dennis Broothers, or if the name Dennis confuses you somewhat, call him Dan and let it go at that.

When in the course of events the chroniclers of baseball no longer shall write that famous name it will be time for the present generation to recount to the young all the mighty achievements of this mighty man in battles on the diamond. Till then, no catalogue of his great deeds could be complete, for Dan Broothers, although in active harness for more than twenty-five years, still is very much in the game, and as young in heart as he was in years when first he entered the National League. Moreover, so far as the signs and portents of vigorous health go, he may be playing ball for many more years. Generations yet unborn may thrill with hereditary reminiscent pride to see the great first baseman heft hickory or cover the getaway station creditably, almost, as he did in the days of their forebears.

Big Dan, as he was known familiarly to the fans of two decades ago and their forerunners and followers, to-day is guarding first base for the Poughkeepsie team of the Hudson River League, into which he drifted after sixteen years in the National League and seven or eight in the Eastern. For years on years in the baseball world Broothers was a name to conjure with. No batsman ever was more feared by opposing pitchers, none ever was more tenderly enshrined in the hearts of followers of the great national game than this product of New York State, who first saw the light in Silver Lake, Dutchess County, in 1859. Broothers' ability in the locust lifting line was the marvel of his time. He was more than a wonder—in a baseball sense, he was the seven wonders of the world rolled into one. There wasn't any stunt he couldn't do, if only he set his mind to it. The fans wouldn't have been astonished if he had doubled his own magnificent average in any season, so abiding was their faith in him when, particularly in a pinch, he gripped the cudgel with his brawny hands and fixed his gaze full on the face of the luckless man on the slab.

Dan Broothers—Big Dan Broothers! What golden memories of the sport of a sovereign people his name evokes! To one who saw him in his prime, the well-remembered nickname seems a finer thing to have than any title decaying kingdoms could bestow. He went the pace with heroes whose names already constitute baseball history, and never in all his long career was there a time when Dan had to take off his hat to any of them. Dan was one of the National League's original and only Big Four. Who that ever saw them play does not recall with leaping heart the prowess of Broothers, Rowe, Richardson and White? Big Dan, in the opinion of most of his admirers, was the bright, particular star of that stellar group. When the Big Four was the chief attraction of the Buffalo team its fame spread steadily until faraway fans used to plan journeys almost across the continent to see the men in action on the diamond.

In 1886 Buffalo sold this great quartet to Detroit, and in that year, 1887 and 1888 the Big Four drew thousands to the grounds of the Detroit Club, Big Dan being the centre of interest in the eyes of the fans.

And how they could bat—especially Dan! One has only to inspect Broothers' National League, Players' League and American Association record, printed below, to realize here is a batsman who was monarch of them all. In four different years he led the league in stickwork, and a fifth year he was tied with another batsman for first place. He ranked second one year, third two years and twice was tied for fifth position. Moreover, in the sixteen years from 1879 to 1895 inclusive—leaving out 1880, when he played on independent teams in New York, Troy and Baltimore—Dan always batted above .300, with the single exception of his last year in the National organization—1895—when he played only twenty-nine games. If there is anyone anywhere on the footstool who can get within striking distance of such a showing, Big Dan will be glad to meet him. Broothers' top notch performance as a batsman was achieved in 1887, when, on the Detroit team, he played 122 games and finished the season with an average of .419. In the words of the immortal baseball bard, how is that for high?

Stories of his stickwork could be told till the cows come home, and still there would be left the makings of a good sized volume. Perhaps his most notable exploit was to loft the leather over the right field fence of

the old Baltimore club way back yonder in his Oriole days, when he trailed with Johnny McGraw, now manager of the Giants, and a host of other stars whose combined radiance overspread the baseball firmament of that period. Parenthetically, it may be remarked

but for any man seriously to undertake any such long distance smash would be a bigger joke than the owner's. Big Dan listened and said nothing. What he thought it rests with him to reveal, if he can recall clearly that long past incident—he surely must have a fair general memory of it. No matter what he thought; what he did is the story—and what he did was to land on the little joker with a mighty swipe that sent it skimming out, out, out to what seemed infinity, taking a steady up slant toward the top of the fence, a rise so gentle it seemed impossible it could climb high enough to top the boards before it reached them.

Would the ball go over? Rather! When ten or fifteen yards from the boundary it looked as if there was a slight increase in its upward trend—a jump almost as plain as if shot forth by a star twirler's arm—and while thousands thundered forth frenzied applause the sphere sailed serenely over the fence, and Big Dan, grinning over his shoulder at the place where the ball last was seen, kept on a joyous jog over the circuit. Mr. Von der Horst sent a score of runners to recover that ball. They got it, and the fortunate one was richer by a five-spot in five minutes—which, at a dollar a minute, is pretty good pay for a ball chaser—more than the youngsters get these days. Then the proud owner

and a good many quill drivers outside of the sporting ranks—had lots of fun. Dan was in Brooklyn in 1882 and 1883, in Baltimore in 1884, and in Baltimore and Louisville in 1885. Next he joined the Eastern League, playing with its Springfield team in 1887 and 1888. He worked with Rochester in 1889, and on Independence Day of that year spread grief throughout fandom by announcing his determination to quit the game for keeps.

"I am satisfied that I have seen my best days on the diamond," said Big Dan next morning, explaining his resignation from the Rochester outfit, "and am ready to quit. When I received Manager Buckenberger's telegram from Worcester last week, asking me to join the Rochester team, I hesitated for four days without replying. I finally decided for Rochester, but I can't hit them square on the nose as I did once. I know that I am not satisfactory to the Rochester team, and I do not want you to keep me a moment longer. I am going home to Wappingers Falls and run my little hotel. I am Mayor of that town, too, and there I will spend the rest of my days reading the stories of what the younger bloods are doing on the diamond. The days of Big Dan are over, I guess. I have enough of this world's goods to keep me going until I die."

But the tug of the sporting spirit was too strong for the famous first baseman, and he isn't dead yet. Moreover, he's about the liveliest corpse Poughkeepsie has had within its boundaries in many a year. The sporty little city up the Hudson appreciates Big Dan, and that he still has his eye on the ball is shown by the fact that last year he led the Hudson River League in batting with a percentage of .373, and thus far this season stands third in order. The pitchers are as much afraid of him as ever. They have acquired the habit of handing first base to him on a platter rather than run the risk of one of his terrific drives. That doesn't please the big fellow, for he is as fond of thumping the ball on the nose as he was in the days when he made Detroit famous. However, he thinks this is to be positively his last appearance on any diamond, and, as he isn't a bit like Mme. Patti, even in looks, it's likely he means it.

Big Dan is a little bigger about the face than he was in his palmy days. (He admits he isn't under the shade of the palm in this year of grace, and when he is criticised for falling below his former form, which he does now and then, replies that if he could play as well as he did fifteen years ago he wouldn't be in a minor league). But, for all his flesh, Broothers is a splendid specimen of manhood to-day. He stands 6 feet 2 in his stockings, but he weighs a trifle more than the 190 pounds that represented his "fighting weight" when he trained with the Orioles. He is credited with possession of twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars, and lives in Wappingers Falls with his wife and four children. He is as much admired in New York City as in his own burg, where, it is said, he could have the town hall for the asking.

Broothers' complete batting record in his sixteen years of major league ball follows:

Year.	Club	Games.	Per Ct.	Rank.
1879	Troy	39	.375	20
1881	Buffalo	65	.318	8
1882	Buffalo	84	.267	1
1883	Buffalo	97	.371	1
1884	Buffalo	90	.325	*5
1885	Buffalo	98	.358	2
1886	Detroit	121	.370	3
1887	Detroit	122	.419	3
1888	Detroit	120	.306	*5
1889	Boston (N. L.)	126	.373	1
1890	Boston (P. L.)	123	.345	9
1891	Boston (A. A.)	123	.349	1
1892	Brooklyn (N. L.)	152	.335	*1
1893	Brooklyn (N. L.)	75	.348	*17
1894	Baltimore	123	.344	*29
1895	Baltimore and Louisville	29	.289	96

1890—P. L.—Players' League.

1891—A. A.—American Association.

* Tied with another batsman for the place.

FAMOUS WELSH RESORT.

During the Summer months Aberystwyth is the most populous town in Cardiganshire, and is reputed to possess the prettiest seascape of any watering place in Wales. At the Southern extremity of a crescent promenade picturesque ruins of an ancient castle face the sea, the broken towers dating from the reign of Edward I.

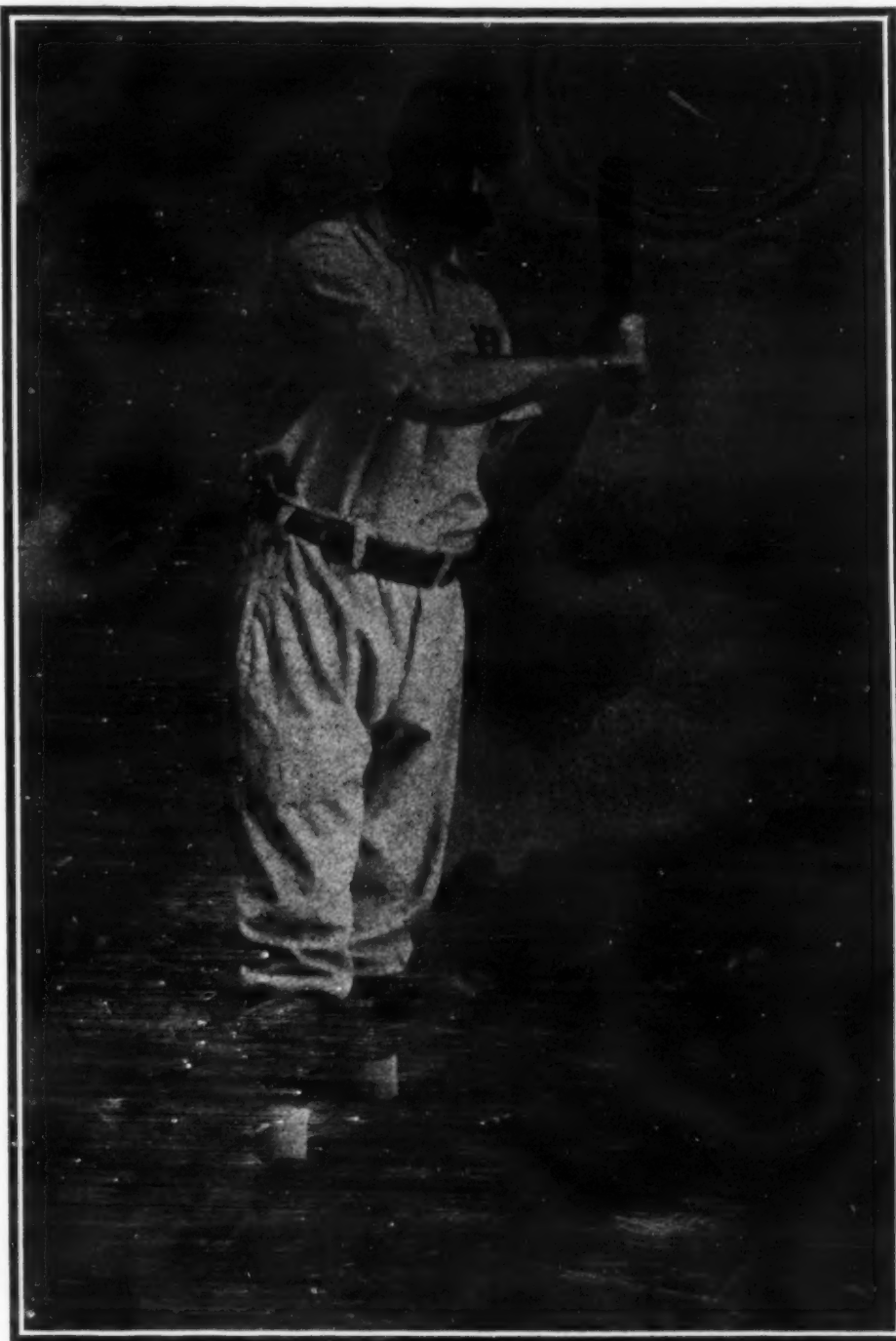
This castle was erected for the purpose of hemming in, on the South, the turbulent forces of that "hawk of battle" Llewellyn the Great, and within its walls, in 1405, he who has been denominated "the personification of political dreams," Owen Glendower, signed an alliance with France, while the neighboring monks of Strata Florida, the most influential of Welsh abbays, supported his insurrectionary claims. Until the middle of the seventeenth century the castle endured, guarding the plain around, but by the soldiers of Cromwell it was dismantled and destroyed, because the people of Aberystwyth had coined money for the use of their ill-fated king.—From "Aberystwyth-by-the-Sea," by Julia M. Cotton, in Four-Track News for August.

A FINE SPECIMEN.

Jack Spratt, the registered toy silk poodle (shown on page 5), owned by W. P. Rowley, proprietor of the Paragon Kennels, 315 Webster street, Greenville, S. C., is one of the handsomest specimens of the kind in the world. He is valued at \$1,000.

THE FINE POINTS OF BASEBALL

Are explained in John J. McGraw's Official Baseball Guide. It contains schedules and averages, and is illustrated. Price 10 cents; postage 4 cents extra.



DAN BROUTHERS, FIRST BASEMAN.

The Famous Old-time Ball Player as He Looks To-day in the Uniform of the Poughkeepsie Baseball Club. His Physical Condition Speaks Well for the Game.

that the Baltimore team was the real thing then. In addition to Broothers and McGraw, the Orioles were made up of such high class players as Robinson, McMahon, Kid Gleason, Hawke, Charley Esper, (now a policeman in Philadelphia, and a good one,) George Hemming, Hughey Jennings, Joe Kelley, Pepper Reitz, Willie Keeler, Walter Brodie, Frank Bonner and Bill Clarke, the last named now one of Manager McGraw's Giants.

Well, with all those crackajacks wielding the willow the ball nevertheless had not been put over the right field fence, when the club's owner, Harry Von der Horst, one of the most enthusiastic magnates the game ever knew, made a standing offer of \$100 to the first batsman who should perform the feat. It was a far cry from the plate to that dexter palsade, and most of the Orioles smiled when they heard the offer. "Harry must have his little joke," was the general sentiment,

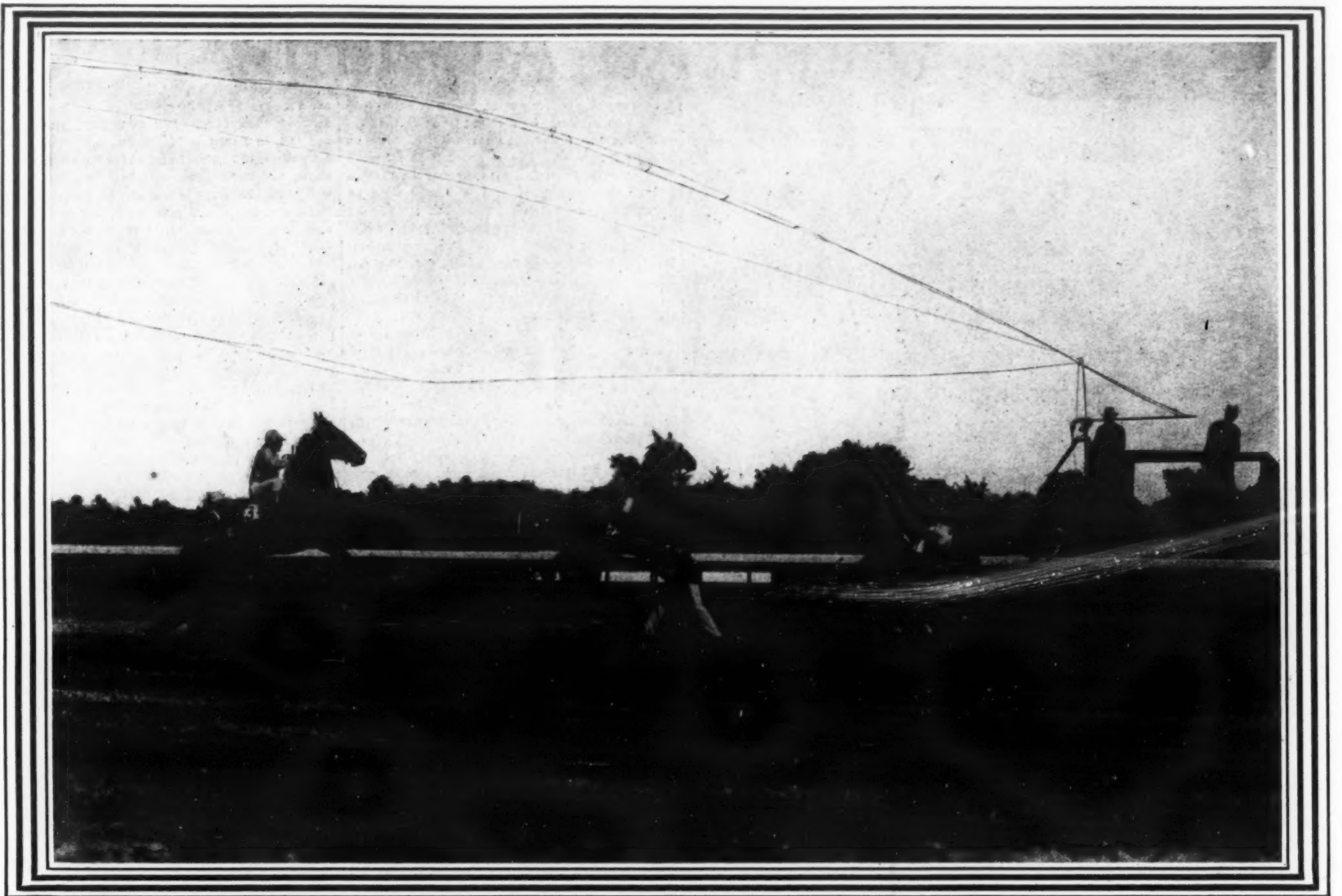
had the globe gilded and placed it on his parlor mantel, where doubtless it still reposes. More than that, he had painted in flaring red letters a yard high, more or less, under the spot where the ball went over the short but thoroughly comprehensive legend, "Here it is!" Envious batsmen and appreciative fans knew what that meant, and the inscription was one of the sights of the pretty park for many seasons.

Dennis Broothers was only 16 years old when he started in baseball, in 1875. He first played with the old Haymakers in New York, and four years after he entered the National League ranks as a pitcher for the Troy team. He soon became known as one of the best straight pitchers in the country. In 1881 he shifted to Buffalo, where he toiled in the left garden until 1885. Then he went to Detroit, where from '86 to '88, inclusive, he worked with Rowe, Richardson and White. It was there he transferred his industry to the initial bag. He was a member of the famous Boston Nationals in 1889, jumped to the Boston Brotherhood team in 1890, and played on the Boston American Association team in 1891. In those years he trailed with such stars as Mike Kelly, the ten-thousand dollar beauty, with whom the baseball writers of that age—

M'GRAW'S OFFICIAL GUIDE

Is the best book of the kind on the market. It explains Chesbro's famous spit ball! has the schedule and rules. Price 10 cents; postage 4 cents extra.

A FINE SUPPLEMENT FREE NEXT WEEK—SANDOW MERTES, The Crackerjack Leftfielder



"THEY'RE OFF"---UP GOES THE BARRIER.

A PICTURESQUE START FOR THE ALABAMA STAKES DURING THE SARATOGA MEETING, SHOWING TRADITION, KIAMESHA AND GOLD TEN, WHO FINISHED IN THIS ORDER.



AT THE STRETCH TURN AT SARATOGA.

HERE IS WHERE A RACE IS WON AND LOST, AND THE RIDERS ARE HUSTLING THE FLYING MOHAWK II, WINNER OF THE HOPEFUL STAKES, AND MAKING A NICE RACE OF IT.



PERFORMERS IN THE SURF.

CHRISSIE SHERIDAN, ROSE SYDELL AND MISS SHERIDAN, WELL-KNOWN TO PATRONS OF BURLESQUE HOUSES, HAVING A GOOD TIME WHERE THE WATER IS WETTEST.



Photo by Waldon Fawcett: Washington D. C.

HERE ARE MILLIONS TO BURN.

OLD AND WORN OUT MONEY AT THE UNITED STATES TREASURY AT WASHINGTON ABOUT TO BE DESTROYED—THERE'S A FEW DOLLARS IN SIGHT.

BRITT-NELSON TO A FINISH

—ARTICLES CALL FOR 45 ROUNDS AND \$20,000 TO THE WINNER—

WHEN THEY FIGHT SEPT. 9

Most Important Lightweight Battle Since McAuliffe and Carney Fought for the World's Championship.

FITZSIMMONS HAS NO INTENTION OF FIGHTING HART.

John Middle Sky Won't Do---Too Clumsy to be a Fighter---Private Fights in New York---Small Talk in Pugilism.

Everything indicates a battle which will eclipse anything in point of interest that has taken place in the ring since Jeffries won his first championship fight with Fitzsimmons, at Coney Island, when Jimmy Britt and Battling Nelson meet in Colma, Cal., early in September. After backing and filling for several months, the two men have at last come to an agreement as told in last week's POLICE GAZETTE, and the signing of articles has been consummated. The document is unique in its specifications, for the "mill" will practically go to a finish. The articles in their entirety are as follows, and may be read with interest by those who follow the doings of the fighting fraternity:

SAN FRANCISCO, AUG. 10, 1905.

Articles of agreement entered into between James Edward Britt, represented by Willie Britt, and Battling Nelson, represented by Billy Nolan, and James W. Coffroth, representing the Colma Club, etc., witnesseth: The Colma Club hereby offers 65 per cent of the gross gate receipts for a contest between Britt and Nelson between the 7th and 11th days of September, 1905, at an arena to be designated by them. The Colma Club guarantees that the contestants' end of the gate receipts will be at least \$20,000, that is so far as Britt is concerned; in other words: If Britt wins the club gives him 65 per cent of the gate receipts and guarantees that the same amount to \$20,000. If Nelson wins, he is to receive 65 per cent of the receipts without a guarantee.

Britt and Nelson agree to box forty-five or more rounds, the winner to take the entire contestants' end of the money.

Britt and Nelson agree that Marquis of Queensberry rules shall govern the contest, gloves of regulation size to be used and the contest to be given in accordance with all legal requirements.

Britt and Nelson agree to weigh in at 133 pounds at 10 o'clock a. m., the day of the contest, at Harry Corbett's.

Contestants to be prepared to enter the ring between the hours of 1 o'clock and 3 o'clock the day of the contest.

Referee to be selected by the contestants on or before the evening of Aug. 28, 1905. Britt and Nelson agree to forfeit \$2,500 each to the club in the event of their failure to agree upon a referee. Automatic clocks to be installed by club.

Britt and Nelson agree to post \$2,500 each for compliance with these articles of agreement, the club at the same time posting a like amount of \$2,500, to be divided between Britt and Nelson if it fails to live up to its part of the agreement. Britt and Nelson agree that if either one fails to comply with these articles to forfeit \$2,000 to the club and the other \$500 of the \$2,500 forfeit to the contestant complying. Harry E. Corbett is hereby named as stakeholder.

Soft surgical bandages are hereby permitted.

Neither party to engage in boxing contests or exhibitions of any kind before the date of this contest or exhibition.

Signed and sealed by the parties hereto the date first above written.

Witnesses:

J. LINDSAY.	J. W. COFFROTH.
WALDEMAR YOUNG.	BILLY NOLAN,
J. MURPHY.	For Battling Nelson.
W. W. NAUGHTON.	W. F. BRITT,
	For Jimmy Britt.

Both Britt and Nelson have begun active training for the fight. They are in fine trim already, especially Nelson, who has been working on the quiet for some time. He has been sojourning in the mountains. Nelson will have as his trainer Jimmy Gardiner of Lowell, who recently fought Rufe Turner.

It is likely that Jim Jeffries will act as referee. He has been asked to do so, and will decide one way or the other in the next few days. It is understood that Britt and Nelson will meet on Sept. 9, which is a State holiday.

The Western pugilistic oracle who announces that the return of Bob Fitzsimmons from "gay Paree" has awakened new interest in the heavyweight situation, and that the freckled tornado will unquestionably go in quest of a match with Marvin Hart, is slightly in error. It may look that way to the gentleman from the West, but to one in this vicinity there is not the slightest chance of the old chap getting into the ring again. The reason is that he is preparing for one of the busiest seasons in the "drummer" that was ever arranged for a heavyweight ex-champion. He hasn't an open date anywhere up to next Spring, and when that time arrives Fitz will have to take his annual trip to Europe. Fitz and Corbett, the other eminent actor, however, will never lose an opportunity to connect their names with the fighting game, with an eye single to the effect on the box office receipts.

For some unexplainable reason there has lately been a dearth of news concerning one John Middle Sky, the "big injun," in whom the fast experts of the West believed they had unearthed the one living man capable of administering the punch to put away Jim Jeffries. Middle Sky is in Philadelphia to have a look at the Quaker heavyweights.

According to the promoter of publicity who is responsible for John's being in the East, "the colossal redskin is in one sense the most remarkable man who

ever cherished championship aspirations; that is, in point of size. In ring costume he weighs 430 pounds and has a reach with outstretched arms of 79 inches. With a bicep of 20 inches it may be conjectured that in a clinch he would be able to hold the sturdiest of modern gladiators for a while. The big chief is a pure-blooded Cochopon Indian from the Yuma reservation, where as a government policeman he was for four years a terror to Arizona braves on a fire-water excursion. It was after seeing John arrest six husky Indians single handed, after a rough-and-tumble scrimmage,

enough to get together and select nights to hold their shows without clashing with one another everything has gone along peaceably and not a kick has been heard. If the clubs that held shows during the Horton law days had conducted their bouts in this same honest way there would never have been the outcry against pugilism that eventually killed the sport.

The fighters who take part in the bouts at these private shows are all conscientious lads, who fight from the sound of the bell until the bell rings for the boys to cease boxing.

Since the athletic clubs in this vicinity have been permitted to pull off boxing bouts of three rounds between their members there has sprung up a new collection of fighters who have won reputations for themselves.

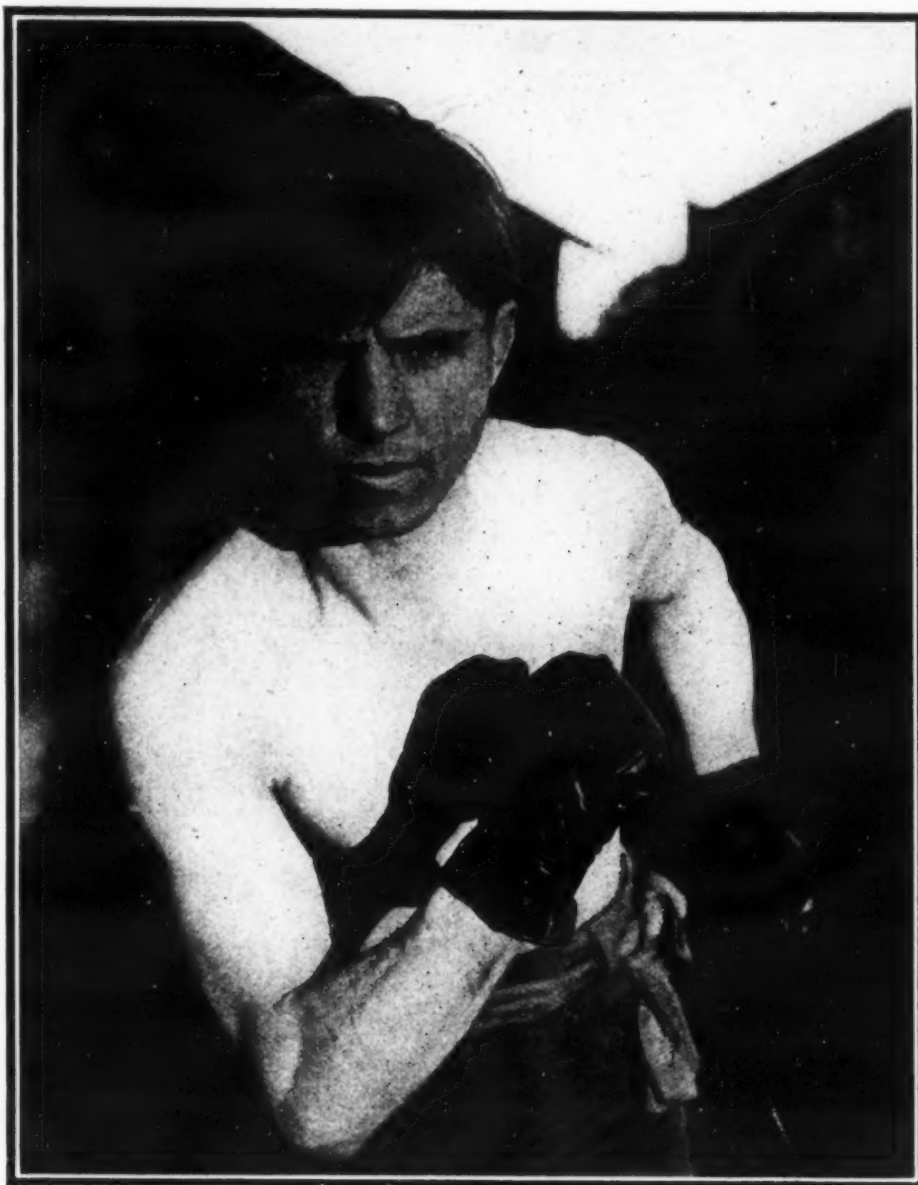
Here is an interesting item of news taken from a floating bottle which came ashore the other day at Coney Island:

"Sandy Ferguson, erstwhile aspirant for Jeffries' championship honors, has given up fighting and has gone into the fisherman's trade—a game where he has at least a chance to catch a sucker or two. Sandy has shipped as a sailor on a Gloucester mackerel boat."

Good! Now let Ruhlman, McCormick, Middle Sky, Peter Maher and a few other aspirants for Jeffries' title get busy. There are lots of easy jobs going to waste!

Capt. Hammer says: "Jack Jeffries may learn by bitter experience that his name and a recommendation from his brother are not all that is required to win a championship."

Having forsaken the ring, Jim Jeffries has joined the reminiscent class, and is now the hero of many jocular tales which have begun to go the rounds. The following is a characteristic one on the big champion who was once persuaded to attend church in Los Angeles, where his father happened to be the speaker. Jim was shown into a pew that belonged to a big family. Shortly after he sat down the whole bunch piled in on



BATTLING NELSON.

Who has Made Rapid Strides in the Pugilistic World, and is Now Matched to Settle the Question of Supremacy with Willy Jimmy Britt.

that a well-known Western man conceived the idea of sending him on the warpath after Jeffries' scalp. While he is 29 years old, his life has been a continuous physical training performance. He has never used alcohol or tobacco. Despite his massive bulk, he is as quick in motion as a panther.

Not the John Middle Sky whom I saw the other day parading on Broadway! This one was as bulky as a country hack and as lively as an ice wagon. If his appearance was intended to convey the impression that "his life had been a continuous physical training performance," then my sense of perception must be extremely dull, or else the fellow who wrote the above has Ananias, the prince of liars, beaten "forty ways from the Jack."

The existence of an anti-boxing law in New York City seems to have no disquieting effect upon the local sports who enjoy an occasional "mill," for one is held almost nightly in various places throughout the city and the "tip" is not difficult to get providing one is known to be "all right."

There are at least seven clubs at present holding these private shows. These clubs are the Avonia A. C., New West Side A. C., Polo A. C., St. Bartholomew A. C., and other small clubs.

As the matchmakers of the clubs have been wise

ALL FANS SHOULD

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him. The renter thought Jeffries was out of place, and on a small slip of paper wrote: "I pay \$200 a year for this seat."

Jeff wrote on the same piece of paper: "You pay too damn much."

When that story was told to Jeffries he failed to see the point, and said quickly, "that's a damn'd lie," and a good press agent nearly lost his job!

One of the wise men of the pugilistic world had this to say the other day in the sporting columns of one of our exchanges:

"It is hinted that Charley Mitchell is the man who introduced the body blow to the attention of a delighted American public. It would be interesting to know what fighter was ever hit in the body by Mitchell and what the effect was. He certainly never landed on Jim Corbett's body at Jacksonville."

No; but on a certain well remembered occasion in Madison Square Garden, New York, Mitchell deftly landed on John L. Sullivan's bulging paunch, and the mighty one's head ached from the force of the jolt when the seat of his green tights met the resin covered floor.

John L. Sullivan has taken up his pen in defence of the boxing game, and in the following characteristic language urges legislation in favor of that much abused sport:

"Some day the sports in the East with some ginger in their blood will get up on their hind legs and demand less legislation around boxing. Then real sport will come back. If somebody would put it up to the good boxer who is holding that \$50,000 job of referee

between the people and Congress in Washington, I bet he's got the sand to make a holler to Congress so rings could be set up again in the East for at least 20-round bouts all over. If the sports who can vote would make the same beef for their rights to see boxing that the women, who can't vote, make for what they call their rights, the men with long whiskers who break into legislatures would take notice.

"Take it from me that the successful boxer is a walking temperance lecture. That's no con, because the more successful a boxer is in his trade, the more temperate he is in his living. It's only when he crooks his elbow and stays out at night that he falls down. Push that argument along as straight from me, and if there's anything to offset it, it will be made out of whole cloth. A young man is safer at a boxing show than he is in politics as now carried on, and you can't show me that I'm wrong in this."

John does get in right once in a while!

SAM C. AUSTIN.

HACK ALMOST MET HIS MATCH

An Unknown Wrestler Threw Him Twice in a Bout.

Reports from London tell us that George Hackenschmidt, the Russian Lion, the great champion wrestler has come back to the scene of his former triumphs, after a victorious tour of Australia and the United States, only to find himself opposed by a new crop of wrestling experts anxious to defeat him for the title of champion. He found this out the other day in connection with an unexpected occurrence at one of the music halls in London where Hack is appearing just now meeting all comers. The Russian Lion, who is drawing large crowds, offers \$50 to any man who lasts fifteen minutes with him in a bout, under either catch-as-catch-can or Greco-Roman rules and \$1,000 to the man who can defeat him. This alluring bait helps to attract a lot of opponents and almost every time that Hackenschmidt goes on the mat he has two or three ready to go against him.

After disposing of Prince Decco, of Dahomey, a colored wrestler and weight lifter, in 3 minutes and 32 seconds, Gus Rennart, a finely built athlete, weighing about 244 pounds, then faced Hackenschmidt. Rennart is a clever man, but it was evident that he was not in the best of condition, for before the contest had proceeded a minute Rennart was puffing. But he was not afraid in the least, and went after the Russian for all he was worth. Hackenschmidt tried to get a waist lock on his man with the evident intention of tossing his opponent around and then securing a hammer lock, but Rennart was too quick and fell on his stomach. Hackenschmidt worked over his man and had a good half-Nelson on Rennart which the latter broke. Then Rennart got to his feet and rushed at Hackenschmidt. With a quick move and excellent judgment Rennart caught Hackenschmidt around the waist. The Russian went to the mat. Rennart mustering all his strength, fairly brought Hackenschmidt in the air and threw him to the carpet. It was done so quickly that the crowd could not understand how it all happened.

Hackenschmidt was furious and rushed Rennart to the end of the stage. The latter lifted the Russian twice in succession, sending his man to the floor with a thud. By this time the spectators began to realize that Hackenschmidt had at last met a man his equal in strength, and cheered. They urged him to beat Hack, and although he made a gallant endeavor, Rennart's condition told and he immediately acted on the defensive. Hackenschmidt then applied a full Nelson and Rennart weakened under the pressure. Rennart was then thrown in 7 minutes and 40 seconds. This was the first time in Hackenschmidt's career as a professional that he had been handled so roughly, and after the match Hackenschmidt congratulated Rennart. He told him that with training and experience he might develop into one of the best grapplers in the business.

HERRMAN OUTPOINTED NEARY.

Kid Herrman, of Chicago, and Charley Neary, of Milwaukee, fought ten hard rounds before the Eagles at Coliseum Hall, Denver, Col., on Aug. 17. The Chicago lad clearly outpointed his antagonist, receiving the decision at the end of the tenth round. He was not marked in the least, as the rushes and counters of Neary had not affected him.

Herrman fought coolly throughout, blocking all of Neary's leads and landing his left with irritating and telling frequency. He had either an even thing or the better of the going in all the rounds save one, the ninth. Neary spoiled his work by repeated clinching, and was three times warned by the referee to be more careful where he hit. These blows were all accidental, as they were delivered in clinches while the two men were struggling together in the centre of the arena.

HALEY KNOCKED OUT.

Tommy Feltz, of New York, defeated Patsey Haley, of Buffalo, knocking him out in the third round, at Manchester, N. H., on Aug. 17.

Feltz played steadily for the wind and lower ribs, and, though receiving hard uppercuts and hooks to the face, he wore down Haley until he had him completely at his mercy. He stood fully four inches shorter than Haley, and his tactics were just the reverse of those of the Buffalo boy, who rushed the fight at the expense of terrific jolts to the breast and wind.

When half of the third round had been completed, Feltz drove a hard right to Haley's wind, sending him to the floor to take the count. When he arose he was groggy, and Feltz went at him mercilessly. Another drive to the wind and Haley was dragged to his corner. Billy Woods, a local man, was referee.

The battle added nothing to Feltz's laurels, as Haley has been going steadily back for some time.

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Would Like to Hear From You at Any Time.

B., New York.—What was Jack Dempsey's right name? His name was Kelly.

F. T., Brooklyn.—Let me know when the city hunting begins? Hunting for what?

Reader, Renova, Pa.—Have you got a picture of the Buffalo pacer, Birchwood Maid? No.

S. H. B., Fort Harrison, Mont.—What circus is the largest in the world? Barnum & Bailey's.

R. T., Lawrence, Mass.—The "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" containing Mitchell's record is out of print.

M. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Apply to W. Daly, Brighton Beach track. Good exercise boys are always in demand.

J. F. S., East Pittsburg, Pa.—What nationality is Jack O'Brien, the lightweight, of New York? Irish descent.

Dummy, Augusta, Ga.—I am looking for a trainer by the name of Deafy Thompson, of Utah? Don't know his address.

R. C., Trenton, Ont.—Can a game cock be bred to a Leghorn hen, and in time the offspring of same be bred game? Yes.

W. H. M., Halifax, N. S.—Tell me where I can get a tread mill for a dog? They are not for sale. Any carpenter can make one.

D. J. B., Solvay, N. Y.—Why was John L. Sullivan not champion of the world? Because he never won the title in an international fight.

D. J. G., Chicago, Ill.—Did Hackenschmidt ever wrestle George Luerich? Luerich's manager claims he did, but there is no record of it.

J. N. C., Lake Providence, La.—Any sporting goods store in New Orleans can supply you with a bandage and a good liniment for rubbing.

J. C. Rich, Fowler, Tex.—Give me the address of one C. L. B. Landers, a breeder of hunting and sporting dogs? We do not know his address.

J. S. S., Deer Island, Ore.—Which man won the last match between Gutch and Jenkins? Jenkins won, at Madison Square Garden, New York.

L. F., Paterson, N. J.—Have you any supplement pictures of Harry Seebach, the bag puncher, or George Hackenschmidt, the wrestler? Yes, ten cents each.

L. W. F., New Smyrna, Fla.—Where was Fitzsimmons born, and his nationality now? He was born in England, and has applied for citizenship papers here.

R. F. C., New Haven, Conn.—If a ball player at bat strikes at a ball which he hits, but bounds off his bat and hits him while standing in his position in the batter's box, and ball then rolls fair. What decision is umpire to give? Foul strike.

C. F. J., Lewiston, Mich.—A and B are playing cribbage; B holds Jack of clubs and three five spots; five of clubs turned; B counts 27 points; A says 19? The hand counts 29.

B. D. C., Bisbee, Ariz.—Was George Seward, of England, ever credited with running 100 yards in 9½ seconds? Yes, but the record was never officially accepted or recognized.

J. D., Yellowstone Park, Wyo.—I am betting that J. L. Sullivan was whipped by James J. Corbett, but he was never knocked out by Corbett; was he or was he not? He was not knocked out.

G. B. M., Deerfield, Mich.—Inform me as to what the percentage is against the man with the dice in shooting crap? Two per cent in a fading game, and about 5 to 7 in a banking game.

W. J., Pittsburg, Pa.—Recommend a good racing form book? "Morning Telegraph (New York City) Form Book" is the best. Contains results of races all over the country. Published monthly, 50 cents.

A. C., Augusta, Mont.—If A bets B 2 to 1 on a fight and it was a draw, who wins, and how would the money be divided? Each man gets his money back. Only in horse racing are the bets bunched and divided equally.

L. S., Scranton, Pa.—Who fought for and won the largest purse ever offered in the prize ring? Fitz and Hall fought at New Orleans for a \$45,000 purse. See "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," 10 cents and stamp, for dates.

J. S., Ochelata, I. T.—In a dispute as to the inventor of the spit ball; A claims Jack Chesbro as the man, while B says Elmer Stricklett was the first man to use it? The critics credit Chesbro with being the originator.

J. B., Paterson, N. J.—J bets D that Mayor Belcher, of Paterson, can be taken from any part of the world; if D wins, name what country he can't be taken from? Any country where the international laws of extradition are not recognized.

J. A. M., Derby, Conn.—A and B have a matched boat race for a medal. It was to be a rowing race in round bottom boats; distance to be one-half mile and return to starting mark. Each to go around his individual boat holding flag at half-mile mark. A reaches the half-mile mark, goes around his flag, returns and crosses starting mark, thereby finishing race according to agreement. B reaches half-mile mark and does not see boat holding his turning flag, for the reason that the person authorized to hold the flag had delegated another to hold the flag, and he (authorized person) had gone away. B also claims that his flag had drifted from thirty to forty yards from where it should have been. A disputes this, and says flag was in its proper place. B, not finding his turning flag, calls to opponent: "This is no race; we will have to start over." B then stops racing, returns to judges and protests race. Judges are not familiar enough with rules governing such affairs and are unable to decide on protest, so by consent of

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A FREAK OF NATURE.

Peculiar and Unique Growth of a Potato
Raised by James F. Shea, a Prominent
Hotel Keeper of Summit, New Jersey.

contestants, we appeal to your good judgment to decide the matter. B rowed race under protest anyway, disputing A's right to widen back seat with a board for the purpose of making a brace for his feet? After the men were started upon their journey it became a race, and if A completed the course fairly, and won, he is entitled to the prize. He had nothing to do with looking after B's flag or turning boat. With regard to B's protest about A's seat, B could have declined to race until that point was settled. He practically acquiesced to the change by starting in the race.

B. R., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.—Advise me if I am correct in my contention that George Dixon fought for a purse of over \$40,000, at age of the Coney Island clubs in 1902, '03 or '04. I think the fight was with Eddie Pierce, but am not sure? It was stated at the time that they fought for a \$20,000 purse.

T. F. C., Chicago.—A bets B that conditions of English Derby call for penalties and allowances. B contends that all colts carry same weight. No penalties added for winning stakes previously, and that only al-

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allowances are those at five pounds for fillies. A bets there are other penalties and allowances? No other penalties or allowances.

J. G., Augusta, Ga.—Where can a good tag puncher get in vaudeville? Where can a comedian or actor get employment? What is a one-cent piece worth made in 1825? I. Write to James Barry, in care of Actor's Union, 8 Union Square, New York City. 2. Anything you can get for it.

PUGILISTIC NOTES.

Tommy Daly is now the matchmaker of a new club in Baltimore.

Willie Fitzgerald did not show up at Grand Rapids, Mich., to box Jack O'Keefe, on Aug. 10.

Jim Jeffries will be matchmaker and referee of the new Los Angeles (Cal.) Athletic Club.

Jack Palmer, the best big boxer in England, is arranging to come to this country this winter.

Otto Cripps, who some time since visited America, recently defeated Amos Gaffney before a Sydney club.

George Munroe, the clever bantamweight boxer, of New York, announces that he has retired from the roped arena.

Mike (Twin) Sullivan is practically matched to meet Joe Gans, at the opening show of the Eureka A. C., at Baltimore, Md.

Dr. Knipe, former amateur heavyweight champion, is to re-enter the ring this fall, but this time it will be as a professional.

Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, is back in the ring again. He beat Slouch Dixon in six rounds, at London, Eng., recently.

The veteran featherweight, Mike Walsh, and Ned Murphy recently met at Sydney, Australia, and Walsh was knocked out by Murphy in one round.

Jem Mace, the old-time English boxer, and Tag Wilson, who met John L. Sullivan in this country, are now doing a boxing turn in the music halls of London, England.

Gunner Maier, of the British Navy, who made such a great showing against the Australian champions some time ago, has been matched to box Geoff Thorne, in London, in October.

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HERE IS A PRIZE LITTER.

TEN LITTLE THOROUGHbred COCKER SPANIELS AND THEIR MOTHER, ALL OWNED BY
A POPULAR AND PROSPEROUS DOG FANCIER OF PORTLAND, ORE.



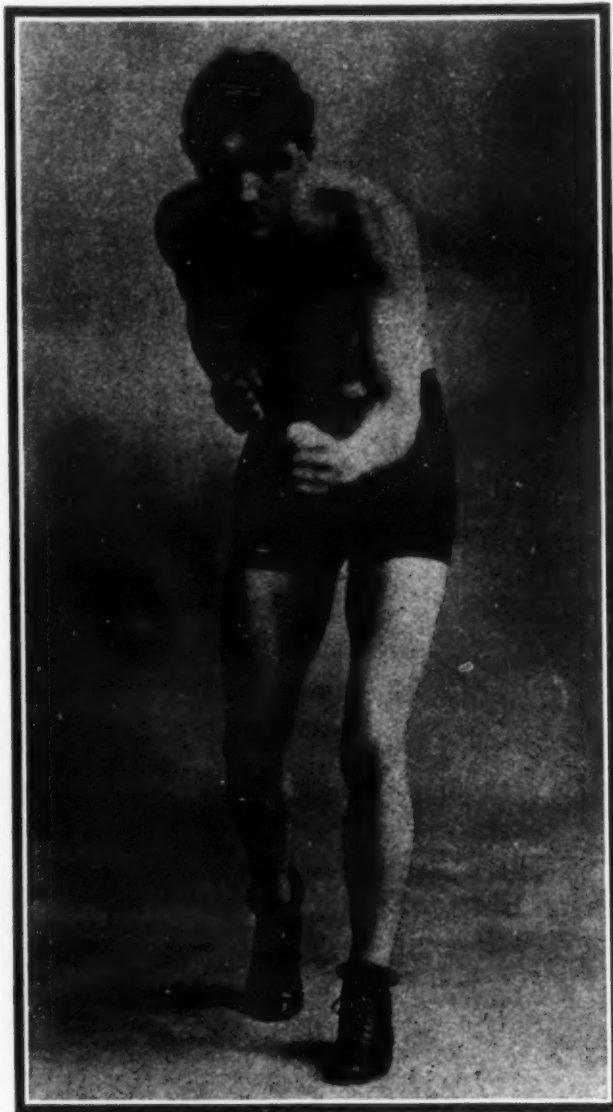
JACK COLTMAN.

ORANGE, N. J., BOXER ISSUES A CHALLENGE
TO JOE GANS AND SAM LANGFORD.



LEO BERLOW.

A WRESTLER OF NEWARK, N. J., WHO
WILL MEET ANYONE IN HIS CLASS.



PADDY NEE.

A 126-POUND BOXER OF PITTSBURG WHO
WILL FIGHT ANY ONE.



MIKE, OF NEW YORK.

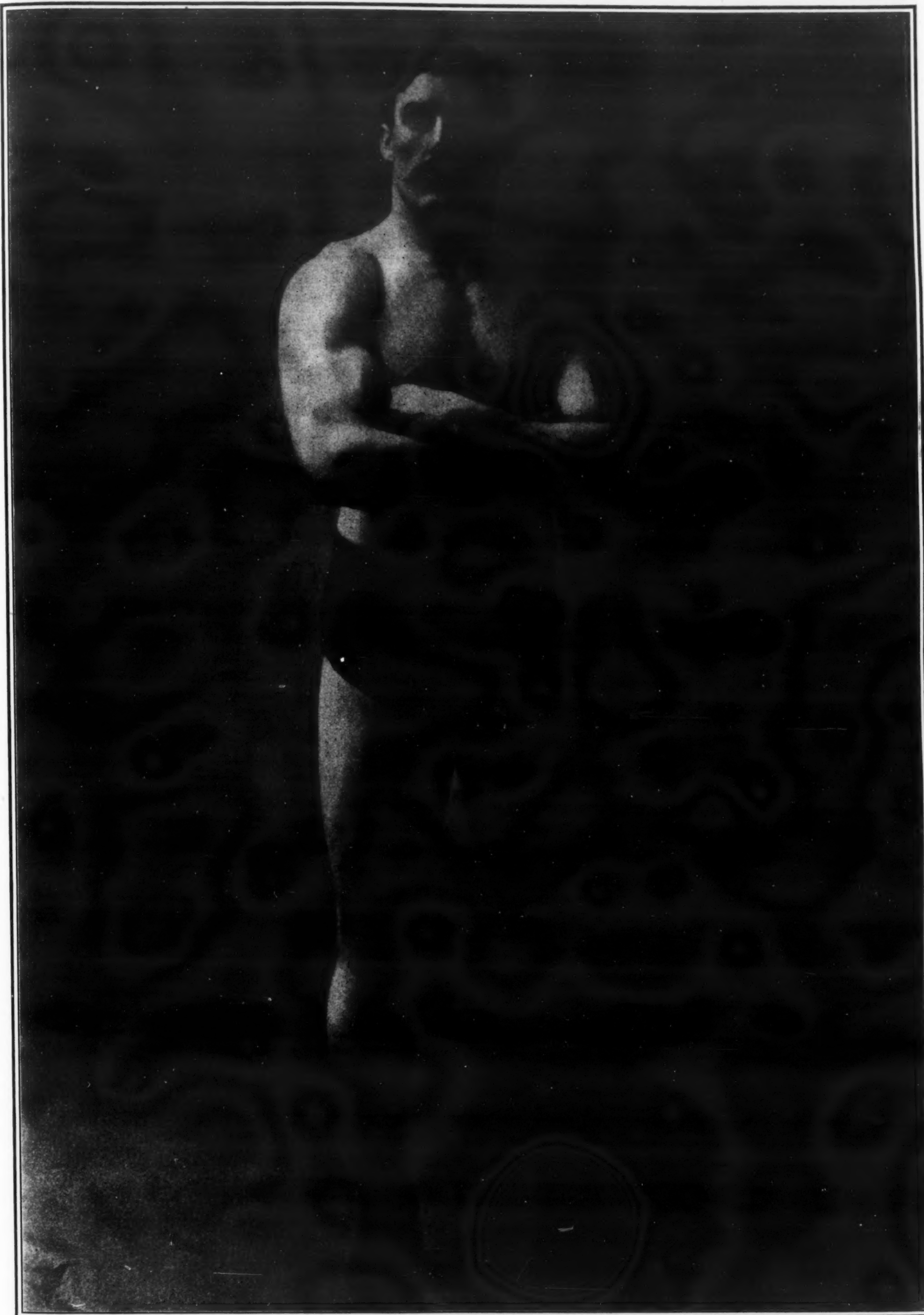
J. H. BECKER'S BULL WHO SAVED A
MAN FROM DROWNING.



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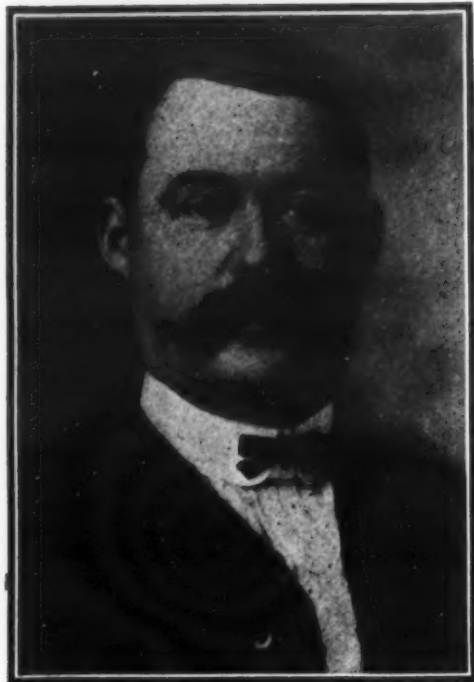


TOM JENKINS.

THE NOTED HEAVYWEIGHT WRESTLER WHO IS NOW IN EUROPE AND IS READY TO MEET THE BEST OF THE FOREIGNERS ON THE MAT.

A CLEVER MIXOLOGIST

Wise Bartenders will Get Good Tips in This Column.



F. A. Gillet, of Owosso, Mich., is a well-known saloonist, and for many years in business at Mount Clemens, Mich. He has a large acquaintance among the sporting fraternity, and can always be found at events of a sporting character. Mr. Gillet takes an active interest in the affairs of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, and is also an Elk and popular with the members of both orders.

THREE GREAT PRIZES.

\$150 Worth of Gold Medals for Clever Bartenders in the 1906 Contest.

All over the country from Maine to Florida, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, bartenders are sending in their recipes, and it is fair to assume that the present contest will be the greatest one ever held.

Enough has been said about the medals in previous issues. Of course, you know they are of solid gold.

Here is the list, so you will know what you are trying for.

FIRST PRIZE—\$75.00 Gold Medal.

SECOND PRIZE—\$50.00 Gold Medal.

THIRD PRIZE—\$25.00 Gold Medal.

If you have a good photograph of yourself send it in for publication at the head of this column.

It will cost you nothing.

What do you think of the contest?

Is there any way in your opinion, it can be improved upon or made more popular?

Do you belong to a bartender's union?

If you do, will you kindly send to this office the name and address of the secretary?

What feature do you like best about the POLICE GAZETTE?

Let us know, for we are always glad to hear from our readers.

But in the meantime don't forget to enter the contest.

GOLF COCKTAIL.

(By Jake Didler, Binghamton, N. Y.)

Use a mixing glass two-thirds full cracked ice; three dashes Hostetter's bitters; one-third of a drink French Vermouth; two-thirds of a drink Dry Gordon gin. Stir well, strain in a cocktail glass, drop in olive and serve.

GOLDEN WEST.

(By Howard Garner, Portland, Ore.)

Fill mixing glass half full fine ice; one spoon of sugar; juice of half a lemon; one Jigger Raspberry syrup; white of one egg; one Jigger of Jamaica rum; one Jigger Dubb Orange Curacao. Shake well, strain in fizz glass, fill with seltzer and serve with straws.

ACADIA COCKTAIL.

(By Louis White, Acadia Bar, Crowley, La.)

Mix in bar tumbler; two dashes of gum; one dash Peychaud bitters; three dashes Lithauer bitters; one dash Curacao; one drink of whiskey and lump of ice. Stir well, strain in cocktail glass, twist a piece of lemon peel and drop in.

NOX ALL BRACER.

(By John J. Laemmle, New York City.)

Use large mixing glass; fill with cracked ice; two dashes Orange bitters; half wine glass Getreide Kummel; one-quarter wine glass Absinthe; shake thoroughly in shaker; strain into high ball glass; fill up with seltzer or Apollinaris and serve.

F. W. C. C. COCKTAIL.

(By B. Lee Jones, Fort Worth, Texas.)

Use large bar glass half full shaved ice, one large spoon sugar, juice one-half lemon, one

dash Angostura, one Jigger dry gin, white one egg, shake well, strain into large bar glass, long thin one preferable, drop in cherry, fizz with vichy or syphon water, drop in strawberry.

MOROE PUNCH.

(By Bill Baddeley, San Francisco, Cal.)

Mixing glass, half Jigger Scotch whiskey, half Jigger French Vermouth, one bar spoon sugar, juice half lemon, shake, strain in punch glass, fill with syphon, decorate with fruit in season, serve.

WORLD'S FAIR SOUR.

(By Harry Poole, Quincy, Ill.)

Use large bar glass half full fine ice, bar spoon sugar, three or four dashes lemon juice, one-half Jigger Gordon gin, one-half Jigger Vermouth, shake well, strain into thin glass, float little port wine on top and serve.

RADIUM APPETIZER.

(By Bill Baddeley, San Francisco, Cal.)

Mixing glass; one-third Jigger of Italian Vermouth; one-third Jigger French Vermouth; one-third Jigger Absinthe; couple of dashes Angostura; twist lemon peel, couple pieces of ice, stir, strain in whiskey glass. Prepare dry mixing glass, one-half spoonful of sugar, enough bar champagne on sugar to make it effervesce, pour on cocktail and drink while effervescing.

DOUGHERTY'S HARD FIGHT.

After being down for the count of nine three times in the first round, Danny Dougherty, ex-bantamweight champion of the world, stood up before Cornelius Curran, alias Al Grandeur, of Phoenixville, the undefeated champion of Chester County, to the end of a 10-round bout, before the Eureka A. C., in the Bijou Theatre, at Reading, Pa., on Aug. 17.

Dougherty was never in better shape in his life, and put up one of the finest and most skillful fights in his ring experience. He weighed in at 122. Curran tipped the scale at 127½ ringside. In the first round by fierce attacks, Curran had Dougherty down three times for the count of nine, and to his knees for the fourth time when the gong sounded. Then Dougherty rallied, and, bringing all the caution and ability gained in his long career in the ring to bear, held his own for nine rounds, ending with honors even, although severely punished. Curran was not unscathed, but did not show the evidences of the beating that Dougherty displayed.

Ace of Spades and Ace of Clubs, of Philadelphia, fought six fierce rounds to a draw. George Krall and Bob Wright, of Philadelphia, went on for six rounds. Wright nearly lost an ear and quit at the end of the second round.

Eddie Wallace, of Philadelphia, had Kid Coffey, of Brooklyn, outclassed at the end of two rounds.

YOUNG ERNE STILL COMING.

Young Erne bested Jack O'Neill in a fast six-round bout at the Broadway A. C., Philadelphia, on Aug. 17. It was O'Neill's first appearance in the ring since he fought Battling Nelson in Philadelphia some months ago, and he was son ewhat stale. Although the boys exchanged punches, they spent the best part of the first round feeling each other out. In the second round they mixed it up for keeps and Erne staggered Jack with a right and left on the jaw. O'Neill fell on Yi Yi and held on until he had recovered himself. They fought all over the ring in the third and fourth rounds in hit-and-run place fashion, with Erne invariably having the upper hand. O'Neill's nose started bleeding in the fifth round from Erne's constant jabs, and Jack was receiver general. O'Neill tried to even matters in the last round, but Yi Yi was too stuffy and was always at a safe distance from Jack's wicked swings.

In the semi-windup Kid Stinger bested Lew Ryall in an uninteresting six-round bout.

In the other contests Tom Daly stopped Harry Jones in the second round; Tom Long bested the Gas House Terrier in six rounds, while the referee stopped the bout between Battling Stinger and Perry Fox in the third round to save the latter from further punishment.

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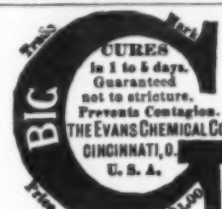
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LANGFORD AND BLACKBURN EVEN.

Jack Blackburn and Sam Langford engaged in a hot fifteen-round argument at Chester, Pa., on Aug. 18.

Langford started the first round by landing a right to the jaw and rib. Blackburn returned with a stiff right to the jaw, which he landed intermittingly. Blackburn led in the second with a left to the jaw and right to the stomach. Langford did the rushing act, catching Blackburn on the jaw with a left hook.

In the following rounds Langford, ever ambitious, kept leading, and he continually rushed his taller but lighter opponent around the ring. Then the men frequently clinched and there was considerable hard fighting, featured by quick exchanges of body blows. Langford received several in the tread basket that made him wince and grunt.

Blackburn displayed more skill than his heavier opponent, pelting Langford's ribs and stomach in the final rounds. Langford held his own, however, and landed several good punches.

Both men were on their feet when the final gong sounded, and although no decision was given the fight was conceded a draw.

HACKENSCHMIDT'S NEW SCHEME.

Georges Hackenschmidt has hit upon a unique scheme to make all ambitious wrestlers come to time when they challenge him. The noted Russian Lion now insists that when a deft is hurled at him the offer for a match must be accompanied by \$5,000 cash, not necessarily for a side bet, but as an evidence of good faith.

"I do not wish to appear as an arrogant man," said the Russ in recently, "but I had to take this step in order to protect myself. Since I returned to England from my trip around the world I have received no less than a dozen challenges a week from anxious rivals."

"Some of them are from men I have never heard about, while others come from wrestlers who never had any standing and who never will. In order to be accommodating I thought I would notice them. So I went to the newspapers that published the defts and answered them in person. I did this sort of thing for weeks, but nothing came of it. When it came to the arrangement of a match my rivals were not ready to do business."

A VICTORY FOR JIU-JITSU.

At Asheville, N. C., recently, Prof. Ono, Japanese instructor of jiu-jitsu at Annapolis Naval Academy, met Tom Frisbee, of Madison County, N. C., in a mixed style wrestling bout. Frisbee being permitted to use catch-as-catch-can methods, while the Jap had to stick exclusively to jiu-jitsu. Two falls out of three counted, and the jiu-jitsu style won. The contest was spirited and thoroughly enjoyed by a large crowd. The American had the advantage in weight, tipping the beam at 95 pounds. Frisbee is 6 feet 5½ inches tall, and is very much at home at catch-as-catch-can. Prof. Ono weighs 97 pounds, and stands 5 feet 6½ inches high. He is a quick, strong man, but against Frisbee in strength he did not seem to be in it.

The contest was a better one than the match between George Bothner and Prof. Higashi, at the Grand Central Palace, last Winter, and may be said to have been an excellent test for the Japanese style of grappling. Ono took two straight falls, but not without a struggle. He did not seem to be afraid of the American, who is very strong. The Jap tried for a strangle hold at the start, but Frisbee was cautious and waved him aside by making a dive for the Jap's legs. Then Frisbee tried for a waist hold and succeeded in bringing the Jap down. Ono did not stay on the floor very long, however, for by making an effort to catch Frisbee by the neck he got on top.

It was nip and tuck for one hour. Frisbee's weight and his ability to break some of the vicious holds that

the Jap applied aided him in avoiding danger. But after the hour Frisbee began to show signs of fatigue. He fell upon his stomach at every opportunity, but guarded his neck and head by covering this part of his body with his arms. Finally, after 1 hour and 30 minutes, Ono got a fine strangle on Frisbee. The latter wriggled and squirmed, but was unable to get away and was thrown.

After an intermission of ten minutes the match was resumed. The tossing and buffeting that Frisbee received in the previous bout took all of the starch out of him, and it did not take the Jap long to gain the next fall. The pair went at each other with a rush. Frisbee tried to get a body hold, but in doing so overlooked Ono's right arm. The Jap got this arm around Frisbee's neck and applying the strangle again had no trouble in capitalizing the American on both shoulders. It required only 35 seconds for Ono to do the job.

One of the best books on jiu-jitsu is written by M. Ohashi, the Japanese expert, and published by Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE. It is highly recommended, and will be delivered by mail on receipt of six two-cent stamps.

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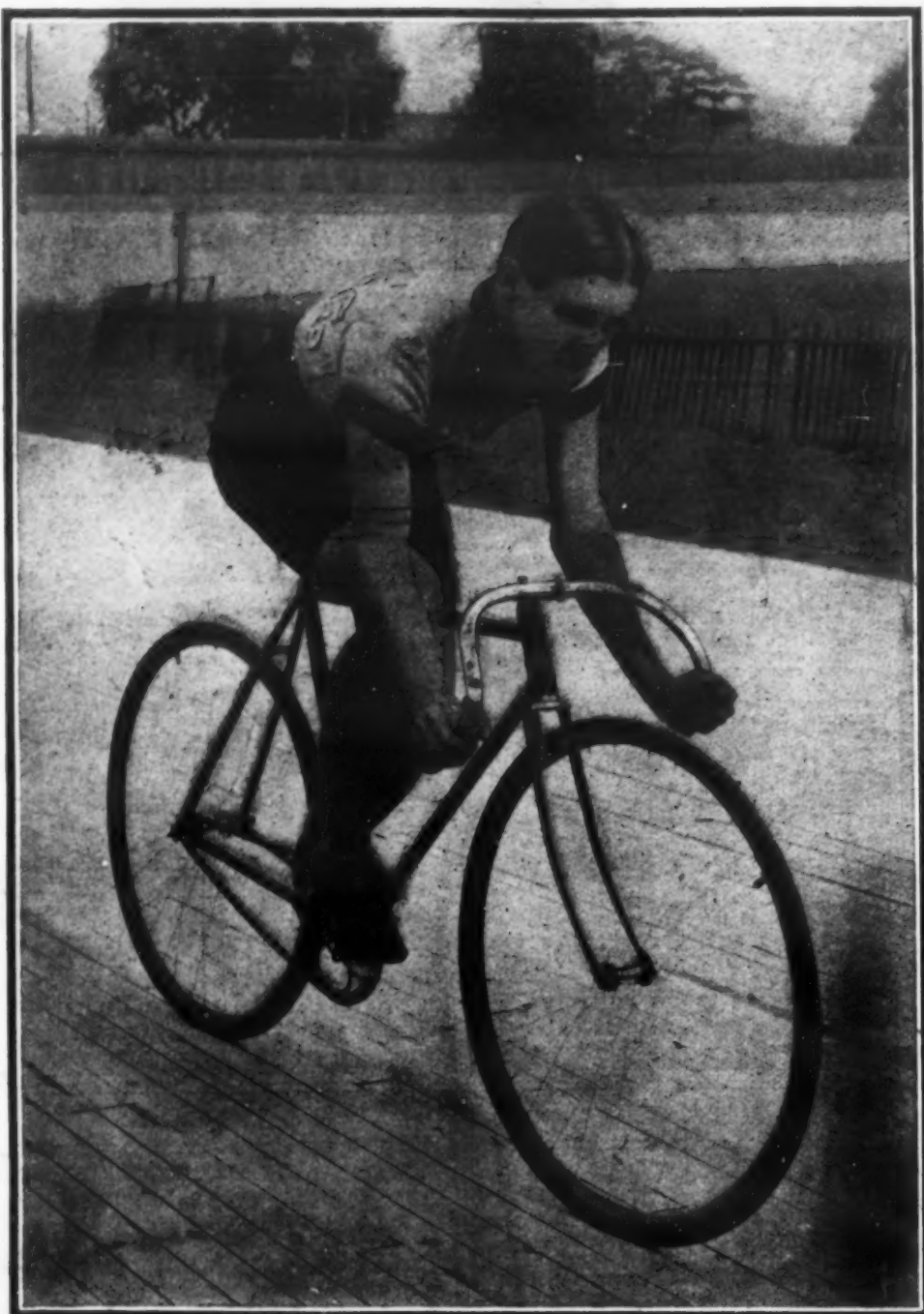
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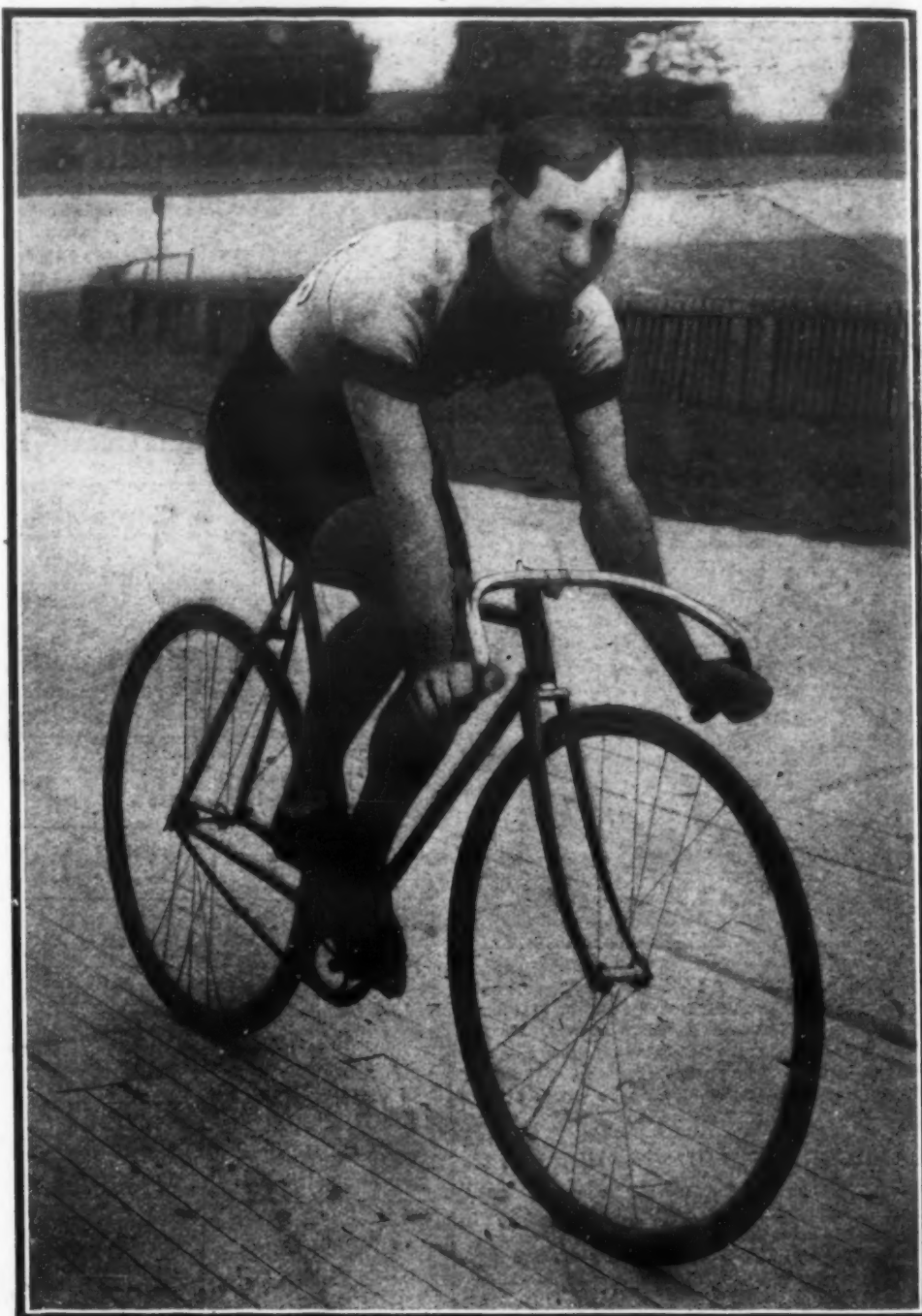
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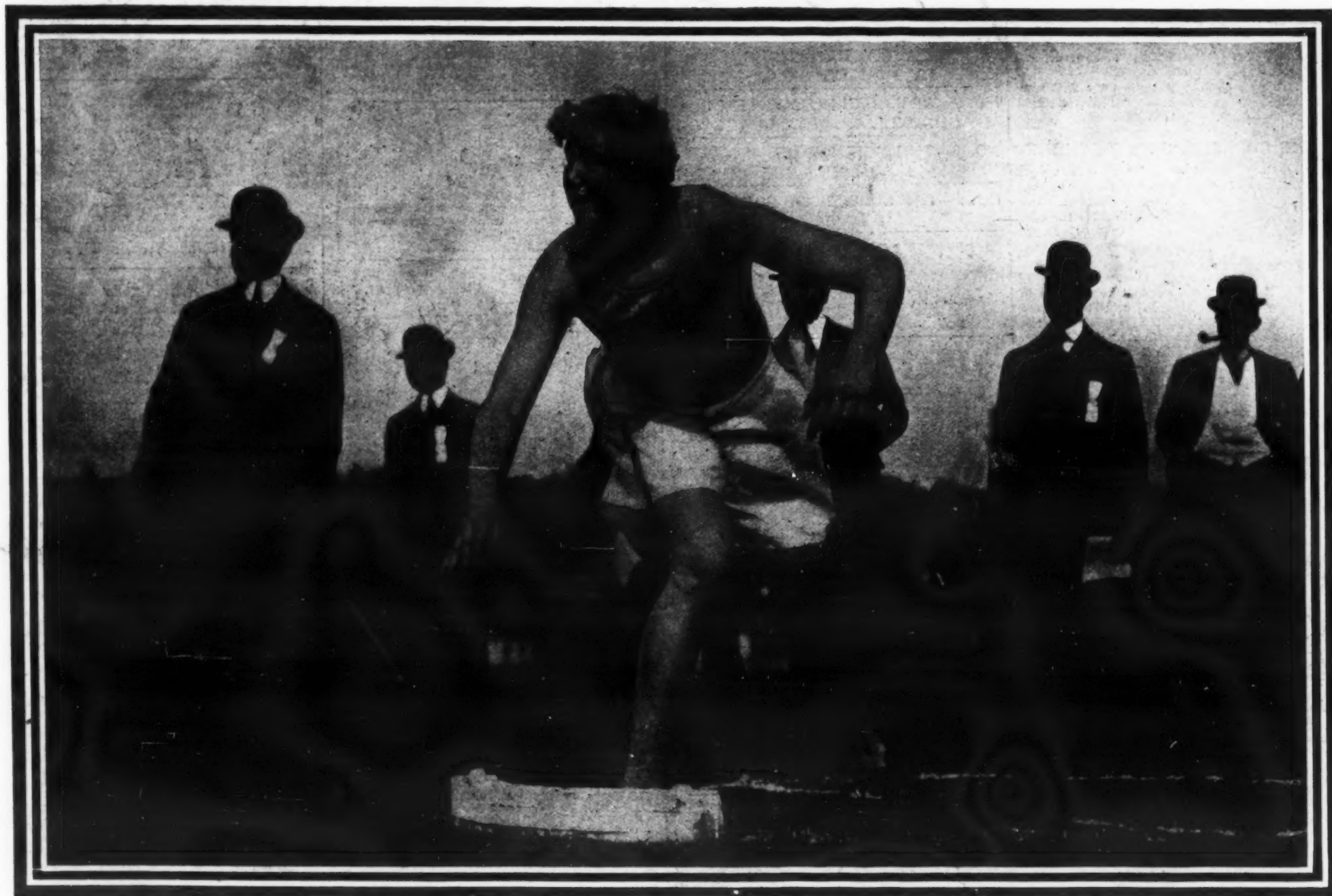
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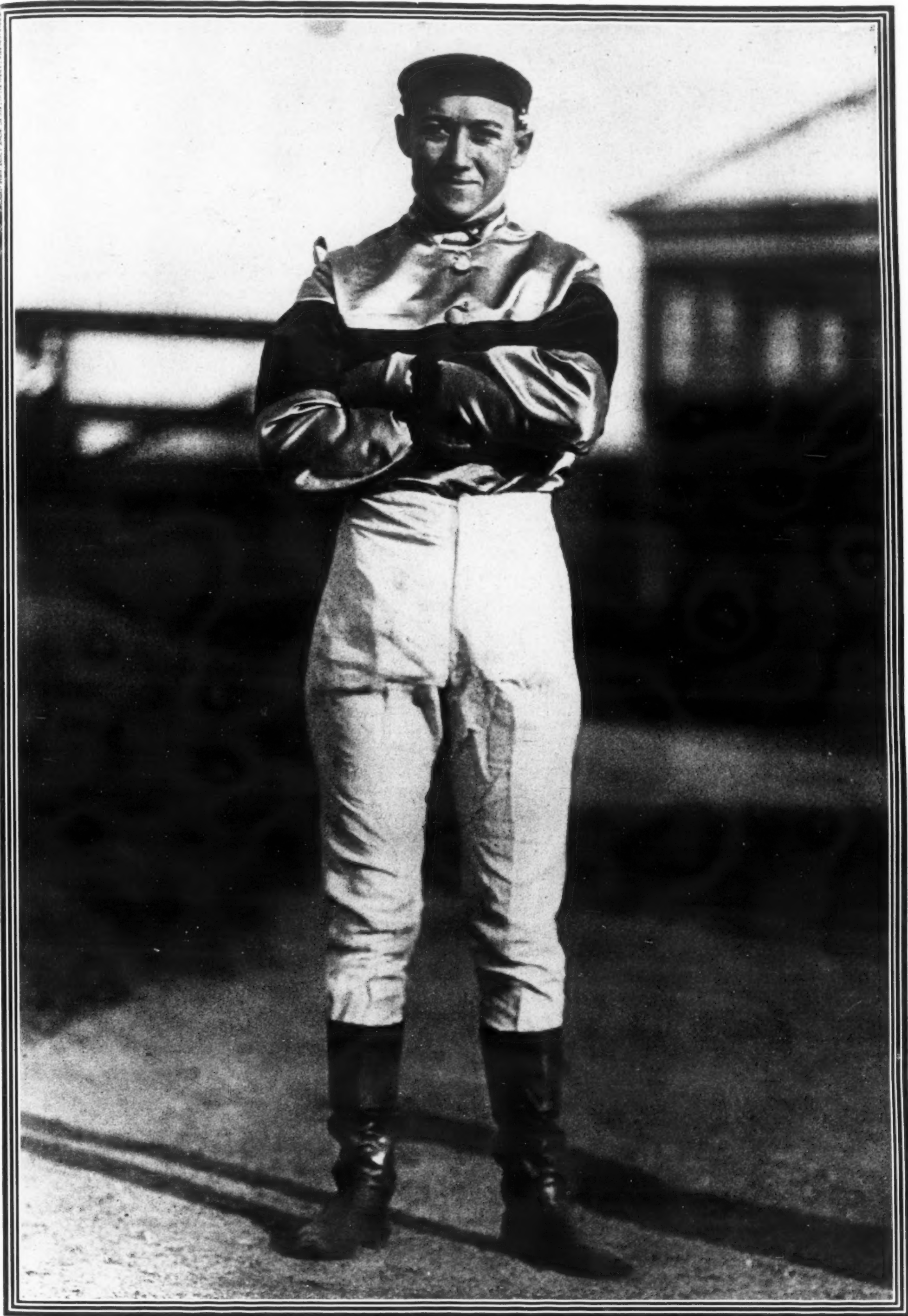
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